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KALKYRIA

M. JENNIE PORTER

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

VALKYRIA,

OR

CHAPLETS OF MARS.

BY

MEL-INDA JENNIE PORTER.

"The glory of our Troy this day doth lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry."— SHAKSPEARE.

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BY M. JENNIE PORTER, ATLANTA, GA.

TO

MY BROTHERS-MILITAIRE,

THE "CITIZEN SOLDIERY,"

THIS FAINT TRIBUTE TO VALOR,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY AND PATRIOTICALLY

DEDICATED.

OUR LAND.

"THE LAND OF MEMORIES."

"A land without ruins is a land without memories; a land without memories is a land without liberty. A land that wears a laurel-crown may be fair to see, but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land beautiless and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow and it wins the sympathy of the heart and history. *Crowns of roses fade; crowns of thorns endure.* Calvaries and crucifixes take deepest hold of humanity, — the triumphs of might are transient, they pass away and are forgotten — the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations." — Rev. A. J. Ryan.

VALKYRIA.

THE web of life is woven weirdly — brocade of Good and
Ill—blue-eyed Bonas, and dodder-dowerd Malas,—
A path, with now a bridal-banquet of Souls united One,—
and there, the dismal Caves of Life's lone Machpelahs,
Where we laid the dead Rachels of our love, embalmed in
asphodel-of-tears, and cypress-wreaths of Sorrow,—
And because we could not die, we bravely journey'd on,
wistful still to win the peace of Hope's impearl'd To-
morrow.

Crimson-hearted roses may fade to tints of *feuille morte*,
and fondest dreams of love may sleep in silent tombs,
Perfum'd in orient balms, beside love's holiest idols shat-
ter'd, and urned in sweetest Memory's gorgeous
glooms;
And Hope may falter ofttimes, weeping o'er her darling
dead, where immortelles droop e'er their palest plumes
Above the Voiceless there, that erst had play'd their per-
fumed fonts of sweetness against our heart's encrim-
son'd bloom; —

And imperial truth-souled friends of all our sorrow-
stricken, Red-Cross, pain-empurpled years, —
And tender hands that twin'd the bridal rose of happiness
may die and leave us but a heritage of tears; —

Or, when the lilac-buds of love's first waking are bursting into bloom, Absence, with its wormwood may sweep between,
And leave, athwart the gladsome glory of life's loveliest and best, a sleepless shadow, darkly on its sheen: —

But — the soul bereft and sick, may suffer still, and Smile and Blush may cheat the World with charactery external,
The while the seven-seals unbrok'n of its crimson fount flows on in secret pain, and struggles for the mastery eternal!
For there are wounds too deep for Gilead-balms to heal: — and faiths so white I would not touch them with unholy hands,
A-while the broken heart may vainly woo forgetfulness, beneath the rosie-ardent-amber'd skies of foreign lands!

. . . . . .

Queen of the Fairies — and Empress of Eden-soul'd Flow'rs, SPRINGTIDE, was trailing the robe of her royalty's rose-cov'ring
All over fair SOUTHLAND'S domain, sweet as a summer-cloud weeping for joy 'bove multiflora-hedges low-hov'ring:
And the SWEETBRIER en-*sympathy* with ACACIAS' *concealed love*, was climbing above the CLEMATIS,
Where *artifice* crouched in the clusters, and plotted 'gainst the OLIVES of *peace*, and MYRTLES of *love* in their bliss!

While the CLOVER's sweet-scented *industry*, left the BUTTERCUPS to hoard up the golden *riches* of the WHEAT
That shock'd all its sheaves of *prosperity*, as other rich Cereals smiling, wav'd their kist-hands with beck-'nings but sweet!
And the REEDS of god Pan sighed through their syrinx, sweet *music* to the Bondmen who toiled contented,
(And wrought days of peace among the White-Fleece of King Cotton,) 'till their White Brothers met and dissented! —

Then — the Tide of Secession that sever'd the States, swept sea-ward and South-ward to the orange-groves girdling the Gulf,
And a royal Republic brave-born, beckon'd her Sons to assemble — for a martial defense of herself: —
Like the chain encircling the throat of a Princess—a string of Persia's most priceless pearls of rare beauty,
When *broken* by *forcing the strand*, some sweet sister pearls glided off (and remained, believing it duty.) —

'Till the hand of Fraternity should string them again, to bejewel the bosom of Liberty fair —
The Goddess we love as united our Own, and whose reigning is royal of Right, and sceptre protecting and rare!

. . . . . .

MORNING — rising from her couch-of-roses and dewy bath-of-perfume, look'd upon a Southern home by Chattahoochee's stream,

That rear'd aristocratic walls of white, back-ground and embower'd by beryl-groves of Cedar that wove a witching dream ;
And all the pearly-pebbl'd walks were winding tenderly around *parterres* of ottar-hearted, tropic-tinted blooms,
And orioles in orange-branches swung, the while the mock-bird trill'd his gladness from out the apple-blossom-glooms ! —

A sacred spell of sweetness pervaded all the place — to e'en the panell'd lintels where all who pass'd might read of "Home, sweet Home,"
The tender while the roses broke their hearts, and Love festoon'd his bloomful myrtles from vestibule to dome !
As starry-jasmines wove a milky-way, where passion-hearted honey-suckles hung their fragrant fringes along the colonnading,
Beneath whose pillar'd spanning, in royal years of old, sweet Love had plighted troth, by moonlight promenading : —

But — lo ! that Morn, Aurora-veil'd and tearful, beheld a change come o'er that Dream-of-Eden — a Cloud that cleft its Sunlight,
And over all its promise fair of ripest fruitage uncrush'd, a nameless woe now left the shadow of its blight ;—
The Orpheus–harp of happiness was hush'd, as Joy's ruby lips ceas'd to chant of love — when the Lov'd One took his flight, —
And the rosy-astral-light burn'd low within that perfum'd alabaster-vase, throughout the War's four-years of Night !

Just down the winding avenue (beneath the old Live-oaks that lisp'd of "Liberty" between their long grey beards of moss,
Where many an acorn fell when the squirrels came to play, and blushing peach-blows lay where the winds co-quettish toss),
Stood a lordly Knight in garb of *argile* Grey, with epau-lets-of-gold, and sun-beam-braid embossing all his rank,
The while his noble war-horse impatient champ'd the bit, while the star that shone upon his housing, twinkled, o'er his silk'n flank. —

"Hope shines like the plume of Navarre on his crest,
And gleams on the glaive at his side,
. . . . . .

"For his courage is keen and his honor is bright
As the trusty Toledo he wears to the fight,
Newly wrought in the forges of Spain,
And this weapon, like all he has brandished for Right
Will never be dimned by a stain."

. . . . . .

But words are wont to tell the Tale of Tears — (*that* Hist'ry's writ' in Blood) of One who clung enclasp'd despairfully about him,
And of her breaking heart, question'd there the truth unanswer'd yet — of why — or how — or when her heart could do without him?
The lovely flower-face, whose starry eyes shone bright above the warmest creole-tinted cheeks all wet with tears,

Was upward lifted unto his, the while the anguish'd soul was thrilling all the desolation of those absent years.

And then as Time — all tearless — and with steady hands that trembled not, unrelenting tore them swift apart,
Her rose-lips (blanch'd) press'd their precious imprint — (just as we leave our last kiss upon our darling dead) — the while he clasp'd her to his heart ;
And all of Love's Infinity heard the crushing of their heart-chords, while Hope was weeping with the willows,
And as they lisp'd their last "*God bless you!*" the gath-'ring gale of grief was lashing all the soul with anguish-crested billows !

While e'en the dusky Slaves — belov'd and loving, press'd thick and close to clasp the Master's hand, and bid him to return, —
(Ah ! — the World may have its "say," — *but memory's sweet* and *tender links shall bind the Two, while Southern suns shall burn !)*
With heads — (the old grey heads we White Ones rev-'rence now), all bared and bow'd to plight their faith that liv'd through all his absent years, —
And then the Knight-in-Grey rode swift away, (with valiant Hosts) while all about that Home shone dimly through their tears.

But Hope, at last recover'd, lifts up a radiant face, and with faith-bejewel'd fingers points proudly to the Triumphs that span the measur'd way,

And whispers of a swift and sweet return of *he* who left in tears — but a Victor *must* return some early glory-garland'd day,
And then true Patriotism triumph'd o'er Despair — (for at the "parting" tears *must flow* — or the anguish'd heart *must break*),—
And tender hands wrought bravely — with brave hearts — to bear their Standard proudly above the smoke and carnage that War left in its wake!

(For where's the Nation's glory, whose Women nobler help'd their Warriors to win the Wreath-of-Freedom that crowns America, —
Be they blue-eyed-blondes, brave-hearted of Northern Mauds and Oras,— or Southern-soul'd, elfin-curl'd Corines or dusky-eyed Zuleikas?

. . . . . .

But — far Northward — beyond the Cumberland's blue sweep, another scene was passing sad, where the *myosotis* lisp'd "*forget-me-not!*"
And while *nasturtium-bells* were pealing "*patriotism*," pale lips whisper'd low — *Come back a Conqueror! or, conquer'd, come ye not!*
Where brightly burning Constellations light their crystal candelabra a-glow in the argent-arch of Northern skies,
And the *Tea-rose* — "*always lovely*," earlier smitten by the snows, yields her fragrant heart, and sooner than her Southern-sister dies: —

Eastward — from the fearful Fall of great Niagara's veil of foam, and awful murmur of her Majesty,

The spreading *Speedwell* (nerevica) tells a tender tale to the trustful tourist, of fond "*female fidelity*:"—
On — through the flower-flodden fields and clove-pink plains of Pennsylvania's sweetest sylvans,—
Beyond the roll of Newport's surf and dash of ocean-spray,— by Central-Parks of pansies and fountain-float of swans;—

The roll-call echoed along the tidal-waves of war — estrang'd "Brothers" beck'ning to "Battle's magnificently stern array,"
(Father — son — and kindred — "so near and yet so far," — to meet them rank to rank — and blow for blow — as four years . . . "flash'd the red artillery." —)

. . . . . .

While *Imagination* — *lupine*-link'd of "amaranthine flowers," — flies onward through the Myrtles-of-Italia, and lemon-grovelets won of Ceylon —
(Conservatory-nurtur'd into bloom,) to grace a royal *Home*, that rear'd its granite-sculptur'd columns upon the rolling Hudson! —
Wistful e'er in its wand'ring to hear the softest sigh of sympathy that touches tender thrillings in hearts that lisp of love,
Throb they truth against the bonnie "BLUE," or dash their crimson soul-spray all o'er the "GREY," beneath the Venus-stars holding tryst above!

The velvet lawn of emerald, and elms, swept their greeny gladness (a-dream of Southern sweetness) down to the river's edge,

And the *snowdrop* white of "*Consolation*," starr'd all the fairy-grotoes hidd'n in the dasied-sward beneath the roses' hedge :
The fountains play'd unceasing —plashing playful all o'er the lilies wax'n, or sculptur'd Cupids that crouch'd beneath the spray,
While through the low French windows floated charmful chorals, that mingl'd all their vocal sweetness with the birds that carroll'd all the day.

'Twas night upon the Ocean, and stately ships sail'd out to Ports of Peace beyond the coral-stranded seas,
But the olive branch was sway'd upon the shore of FACTIONS, and something like a "*Farewell*" was sighing through the trees :
'Twas night upon the Hudson — the guelder rose was dreaming of white twin-sisters that slept in Southern woods
Where Spring had plighted tender troth to Summer, who wore her gemm'd betrothal-ring in the sweetest of expectant moods !

And the *Lagerstræmea* lifted crimpen veils of rosy *crape* with flush of *myrtles* through — *eloquent* of loves that fadeth never, —
As if nor Death — nor Separation would need no sable crapes-of-mourning--but all of life be joyance forever !
And reposing Nature — like a Sleeping Beauty slumberèd sweetly, cradled perfum'd within the softest light of moons —

A-like the bay-buds born of beauty through the stilly nights of Louisiana's orange-zon'd lagoons !

And — as e'er tender Time shall tell — constance-crown'd "*conjugal-love*" was lisp'd beneath some neutral-tinted-lichen-boss'd old Linden-Tree,
While fragrant-freighted zephyrs fann'd Love's flushèd cheeks and toyed with his perfum'd curls so wantonly and free ;
But the Song that erst had smote his heart with sweetness at dewy dawn, or twilight, had sighed itself to sleep ; —
A lovely Hebe—his love's first bride, stood mournful at his side, with bloom-eyes shadow'd by sweeping lids a-while the soul did weep.

Within that dream-of-star-glow, beside the silver-flooded-river, stood an ardent Knight-of-Blue, to bid his lov'd —"*adieu*": —
(Sail'd with Stars-and-Stripes, a boat, that sped him Southward, was waiting silent there — and Time was telling moments fast, he knew :)
But Promise plighted much to that precious One he held so warmly to his throbbing heart,— of triumph — with soon return — and rest,
The while her burning tears blanched all the blooms of Hope, as Duty dashed the Light out, with which her happy home was blest !

That bloom-eyed bride laid her head caressing — of wheaten curls (a Cupid's gold'n net) — upon his manly breast, and wept love's light out there,

While the anguish of a life-time was *soul'd within that second,* and mingl'd all its sobbing with the heart's wild pray'r —

" *Oh,— God! my Father, keep my Darling ever within Thy boundless love!* " — as, with one last wild kiss, he tore him quick away,

And swiftly sailed the boat that bore that precious burden beyond her tearful gaze,— to join his Blue Battalions that waited far away.

Thus they parted weeping, by the Hudson's villa-broidered banks, while the pleasure-boat rock'd lonely beneath the palisades, forsak'n —

As their souls, in rush of sweetest memories that clung around their Past, by convulsive griefs were shaken.

Oh! that *Morn' memorable* that dawned so sad in Southland, where a million hearts were broken 'neath floods, of tears so blinding! —

Oh! that *unforgotten Night,* whose twilight veil'd the Northland, as severed souls were sobbing all along the Hudson's winding!

. . . . . .

And then a-down dewy-dells dashed with snow-storm of hawthorns a-drift, burn'd the camp-fires low through the night,

While the white Magnolia-vales all echoed the boom of Calebiad, and the bursting of bombs in their blight :—

And invincible Iron-Clads were coasting — bombarding the ports that had anchor'd a Century of Liberty,

While the dread Moloch-of-War was wading with Mars soul-deep in the blood, through America's cities of safety!
And our Altars-of-Sacrifice were flowing with the life-encrimson'd blood of her bravest and truest of Sons!
Yea,— Life ebbed and flow'd like the sea, while no Valley-of-Ajalon was lighted by the staying of suns!
For the valiant Grey-hosts, and brave Blue-Battalions, in deadly conflict had met, within the margin of a Southern sandal-wood,
And like Stromboli's "fitful fires" glared the battle-fray, — as like volcanoes' lava-flood, surg'd their precious blood.

Over crystal-pools of sweet pond-lilies sleeping, hung battle-clouds of smoke like loathsome serpents creeping,
While o'er the hills encircling — far down the *fleur-de-lis* of valleys — gentle hearts were breaking, as praying souls were weeping.
For while the cannon boom'd Enfield-rifles roared — and swiftly flashing swords in fearless hands were wildly gleaming,
Fondest hearts at home knew well, the sacrificial blood of lives they loved supreme, was like the mountain torrents streaming.

"A House divided against itself . . . . ." That Knight of-Grey, and he who wore the Blue, once were brothers true, twin'd of one fond Mother,

But each a separate faith now followed, while devotion to his Creed, unsheathed his sword to battle with the other!
And loyal Legions rallied 'round the gallant Grey, as valiant Squadrons marched in bristling ranks about the Blue!
While each in honor dight — with all their might, fought for Liberty, battling brave — and long — and true!

And ever in the deadliest fight, was heard the cry of courage — "Strike for home and Freedom! — stand by the Stars-and-*Bars*,"
And all the hills echoed the cry — "Strike for Home and Freedom, — die by the flag that floats the sovereign *Stripes*-and Stars!"
And while on gory fields of Fallen, they flash'd and thunder'd blackest bolts of ball — and blasting blaze of lightning's fearful flame —
(And all the deeds heroic, clad in Blue or Grey, Historic-Truth should write for Centuries to read, upon the gilded page of Fame!) —

Bravely waved the floating Flags of each — for Conquest wrote her proud protest, on each, in turn, as out from hill and glade,
March'd they now with Triumph proud, ensanguin'd all the way, (to some lone dale that held Defeat) — from many a bloody-banded raid!
(Oh, that mournful march that swept them onward to the Sea, while in the flare that fired Homes, the Knights of Each, fell fast,

And Desolation laid her sable pall above our hopes and heroes, the while that dread Sirocco past!

Oh, the shrieks sent forth of Grief, o'er the shrouded there — of hearts that broke against the anguish of those who *lov'd* and *help'd* the Blue!
Or ocean-surge of sorrow that swept o'er Southland and left but willows weeping above the graves of those who lov'd and helped the Grey so true!)

. . . . . .

From "Mexico to Maryland," — from the *then* encrimsoned flood of rapid Rappahannock's rolling stream,—
From Potamac's peerless majesty — from all the rivers winding on through Southland, to Mobile's placid dream,
From the snows that drift the hills and dales as Arctic-ward we wander veiling all the Northland like a bride —
From "Shenandoah's vale" to "Shiloah's gold'n wave"— from Gettysburg, — Manassas, to purplest southern seas, roll'd that crimson tide.

From mountain-rills to rivers — from Pensacola's strand of shells and back-land groves of orange to Charleston's batter'd walls, —
From palatial homes far Northward — where laughter with the sleigh-bells, ring o'er the fields of snow — to sunny Southland's lordly halls! —
From Mississippi's valleys and levees, — to sweet Savannah's Thunder-Bolts and Pulaski-statued-Parks, echoes still that wail
That fire — and smoke — and sulphur, left in heaps of

ashes, all along the pain-empurpled-path that War left in its bloody trail.

From grand old Lookout's brow, that like a Monarch frowns upon the Tennessee's sweet valley — to the crown imperial of Kennesaw historic,

The soil all the way is undulating still with red-clay-billows that fortified those Knights who fought for Rights, and tell of deeds heroic!

(Ay! from princely mansions on Peachtree and White-hall — or cottage-windows vine-wreath'd that zone Atlanta's woodland suburbs many a mile,

We see them now — those same red-waves-of-war, winding 'round our queenly Southland City, like Red-Sea-waves girdling e'er some lovely orient isle! —

From Marietta-street that winds toward the mountains — from McDonough's shady sweep that Eastward runs of Washington, —

Their clayey-serpentining winds, — as 'round our arbor-vitæ hedg'd and marble-sculptured "OAKLAND"—and by the Boulevard that spans to Ponce de Leon!

. . . . . .

And while those barren ditches gape like death-wounds upon our consecrated soil, eloquent of heroism that died defending all it lov'd —

Those tidal-banks the which nor rain — nor tears — nor time hath yet wash'd out and level'd, — that urns the Blood-of-Braves we *all* so lov'd —

Can we — or Friend — or Foe forget that *both* have suffered, — have bled and died in *those who died upon our hallowed hills;* —

(. . . . "We cannot all forget
That there is much even Victory must regret,)"—

For Georgia-soil's ensanguined with their *mingled* blood — and *both* are sleeping daisy-starred beneath her valley-lilies — beside her mountain-rills.

But . . . "the wind shall be temper'd to the shorn lamb." Atlanta — fair Princess of the Royal House, has, Phœnix-like, sprang up anew,
Peerless and imperial from the Ashes-of-her-Roses, and with white hospitable hands extends the olive-branch of "Peace" unfaltering and true; —
Her noble heart is throbbing sweet "*Forgiven*," — the while her royal gold-barr'd Gates all swing wide-open, that all who will, may enter,
And — past the welcome portal, may feast her bursting Cornucopia — quaff her amber-wines, and share the wealth where all her riches centre!

(We grow the Star-of-Bethlehem — sweet flower — that blooms for "*Reconciliation*," — and the bloomful Star-wart, too, that's "*Welcome to a stranger;*"
While *Creameries*, and gold'n hives-of-honey flow, the while our Strawberries' "*excellence*" may tested be, in crimson Sumach-groves that emblem Southern "*Splendor!*)

. . . . . .

But backward, (how glooms that backward glance!) through the trying — flying years that roll like reckless Phæton's burning chariot-wheels of Sun,

Turn we tristful — truthful e'er to tell — of all those years remembered — numbered well, — or Who, the Wreath of Victory won?

. . . . . .

On many a field of carnage — on many a field of fire that mingled its hero-blood with volumes of fitful flame —

Black Battle wav'd its banner of blight . . . . "*on the heaps of the holily slain,*" . . . . where Life was the price of a fame: —

Ay — where, vainly, many a costly life poured out its precious heart-wine on Freedom's encrimson'd battle-shrines, —

"*Sinking in Glory's bright flood,*" — to win but a wreath amaranthine with cypress-leaves glooming where the laurel entwines!

Brave heroic hearts, the which no frowning fear could quell — nor reigning power deter — while hope in wild glances was beaming

Bright o'er the raging of storm and of strife, where Valor buckled on her fresh armor, as the swift sword of Honor was gleaming! —

Brave Knights of the bold Blue Batallions sweeping Southward in their wrath, through the marches of many a weary war-day, —

Brave Knights of the Beautiful Grey who toiled and trenched and braved and battled through the glory that garland'd their way: —

. . . . . .

" Good knights and true as ever drew
Their swords with trusty Roland,
Or died at Sobieski's side
For love of martyred Poland,

" Or knelt with Cromwell's iron-sides,
Or sang with brave Gustavus ;
Or on the plains of Austerlitz
Breathed out their dying Aves."

, ...

With sometimes a Victory proudly-triumphant, "advancing!" — or a crownless Defeat beating sorrowful "retreat," —

On — through the wearisome wilds of that WILDERNESS OF *woe*, where armies contending, in deadliest conflict were rushing to meet : —

A-down the . . . . "deep crimson'd valley of Richmond" . . . . — through the shadowy sighing of Seven Pines, (where they lie embalm'd in glory.) —

While mournful Malvern Hill, Vicksburg, and mangled Manassas, with Sumter and Moultrie, are telling their war-becrimsoned story!

And regretful Gettysburg — with many another fearful field — where the battling BROTHERS, pride of the North — and the South,

With god-brows bound with laurels, — like the Spartans, dead upon their shields, ... "lie covered with glory at the dread cannon's mouth!"

Alas! — "who knows *how* much lies buried there?
What worlds of love and all that might have been!"
. . . if that dread MOLOCK had not reigned —
If those brave Knights-of-Rights had fought in other fields of glory —had wrought our country other story— or other victories gain'd!

But what with wading the weltering waves of Battle's Red-Sea, marching — and toiling — fighting, falling back — fortifying, —
Booming — bombarding — and bloodily-battling till despairful they beheld, all mingl'd and mangl'd, their bravest lay fall'n and dying; —
'Till desperately — darkly on the grey haggard borders of Doom — on the red-ravel'd edges of War — the last horrid fight of Four-Years, —
(With numberless billowy-banks that sepulchred their Braves, circled by sad-sobbing seas of fond Woman's tears,)

They met in grand trial of unyielding strength, — both armies with ardor unfaltering, contending for Victory! or Death!
For the brave-banner'd, hard-struggling, stained Stripes-and-Stars! or the bloody, beloved, battle-scarred Cross of the South!
The night was long in its watches — (as the fight had been fierce in its forces) — but the passionate patriots gather'd strength for the morrow!
And . . . "*buckled on fresh sandals for*" . . . their "*bloody*

path," . . . with prayerful faith and courage that dream'd nor fear — defeat — nor sorrow!

At last the morning dawn'd — (that morning mournfully immortal), with rich Aurora-blush en-flushing all the East, as rose the sun above them —

(And who — that worthily — shall chronicle their glory All — or language e'er the anguish that crushed the hearts of those who lov'd them?)

. . . . . .

"Little by little did morning reveal
Two long glittering lines of steel;

"Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam,
Tipped with the light of the earliest beam,
And the faces are sullen and grim to see,
In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee."

. . . . . .

All day long, relentless, the fearful conflict raged, like a Whirlwind-of-Woe passing pitiless over the soul,

In billowy oceans of anguish that lash'd the brave shores of Heroic Life, soul-deep in breakers, the bloody surf did roll, —

As shock after shock thrill'd along the lines, and thunder'd Destruction reap'd solid ranks of thousands who, devoted, fell there,

'Till the roseate hopes of a Nation slowly — but surely were sinking, and the yearning lips of love were white with the blanch of despair.

For Death, the Reaper, walk'd stark abroad with flash of steel, and flame of fire that leap'd in lurid lust of Battle's maddest mood,
While peerless Patriotism roll'd its crimson waves of War — from red commotion-crested Earth, a-float with souls, up to the Throne of God!

. . . . . .

All day long the rush and roar of War's red Lion leap'd from his lair, through sable clouds of smoke that rose to heaven's sapphire archway, —
All day long the dauntless Leaders of many a fearless Rank and File, follow'd each their cherish'd Cause's Chieftain, down to decline of day; —
Follow'd faithfully the flag they knightly swore to save — and fearless fought for all they lov'd, immerced in blood-becrimsoned waves —
Follow'd faithfully their GRANT, — or yet their LEE, their STONEWALL, or MCPHERSON, — some to glory-garland'd — and some to nameless graves! —

(Yet it matters not — or Blue — or Grey, *they* are proud America's knightliest, kingliest sons, and *therefore*, " . . . . objects of eternal love " —
And Glory garlands with her gilded story, as love with wreaths of roses, each honor'd Soldier's greeny mound, where'er the battle-grounds we rove: —

" It recks not where their bodies lie —
By bloody hill-side, plain, or river —

Their names are bright on Fame's proud sky,
Their deeds of valor live for ever."—)

. . . . . .

Vesper-ward, far down the Western slope of Day, slowly sank the sun, a-like a crowned Cæsar upon his couch of roses —

While a million Heroes sank to rest beneath the battle's lull — deep and dreamless in that dread day, that clos'd in hush'd and soft reposes :

The gallant Grey (outnumber'd — not outdone), true to the last, had sheath'd his stainless sword, and high on Fame's proud sun-hued height, —

Through manly tears, that dash'd the light of his darkly-flashing eyes, saw, with breaking heart, ...
"Glory's Southern Sun sink down in night."

'Twas night upon the battle-field: the tender stars had hid behind the cloud-land cliffs that veiled them from that scene of woe,

While Victory, battle-blossomed lifted crimson hands, bath'd in brothers' blood, to clasp her bloody wreath, in that strange land below :

. . . . . .

"Like the leaves of Vallambrosa,
They are lying;
In the moonlight, in the midnight,
Dead and dying, — "

Were they, — as that immortal Night beheld the awful form of MIGHT, victory-plum'd and borne triumphant in banner'd chariot rolling by —

The wheels in rapid rush hurling dust in the lovely, tearful eyes of conquer'd RIGHT, unheeding that sweet "Mercy!" that thrill'd her anguish'd cry!

. . . . . .

E'en Nature — lovely, pitying Mother of All, veil'd her tender, tearful face: her cloud-veil hung a sable pall:

'Twas night upon the ocean,

And noble ships were tempest-toss'd and lost beneath the bellowing black surges, that rag'd like torment incarnated, in all the billowy commotion!

Yet — in lurid flash of lightning, gleam'd the plum'd helmet of Victory, perch'd upon the Blue Knight's standard floating high from many a hoary rampart

And banner'd Ocean-Fleet, while the murderous waves madly lash'd a sinking Ship — the bold sea-faring "GREY," whose Heroes bravest fought the bravest part!

Ah! 'twas ever thus, since the first apple roseate ripen'd luscious in far Eden, where Adam laid his sin upon the fair unyielding shoulders of his Eve —

Without the manliness that bravely would have own'd — "*I ate the fruit because 'twas good!*" — not — "*The woman tempted me!*" — hoping thereby, his honor to retrieve: —

Alas! 'twas nearly ever thus, since in the golden harvest-fields, that wav'd in ripen'd richness without the wolds that wall'd the corner-stone of Time,
When crimson-handed Cain slew his brother Abel, — and after that first one wild draught of red revenge, wander'd desolate a-down the lessening shores of Time!

But — beck'ning backward, glooms that Night upon the Ocean, when, like a dying King, heroic sank the proud and peerless Ship "CONFEDERATE," —
With prow and pennon fallen, crown and sceptre brok'n — sinking calmly to a fate — (to evade the which, a million heroes fought them long and desperate), —
As many another — wreck'd on some old rock at sea, the gallant "GREY" went down, as the farewell furl of her trembling "Cross" was lost in the lashing waves,
Where the Brave were buried — sinking in a sea of glory, and sleep immortalized in algæ-groves, that gloom above their ocean-pearl be-jewel'd graves.

Wrapt in knightly glory, went they down, bearing still their knightly Cross, — lost in the ocean-surge of furious Factions that lash'd the shores of its "Cause,"
(And saintly memories cluster sweetly round their glory-gilded story, through all the lengthening years, the while we lisp of loves we lost, and tearful pause: —

"Farewell! ye high heroic hearts, farewell!
Inspired lips shall teach the world, ere long,
Ye fought to hallow story, and ye fell
To give a new apocalypse to song!"

. . . . . .

Ay, the bonnie Stars-and-Bars all hung at half-mast; the wistful while the moon had veil'd her face in mourning, and no stars were gleaming on the darksome battlements of night,

Whose stillness was unbrok'n save by the ocean-waves sobbing o'er the Deep that clos'd above the noble Ship, in the smoke and storm of that last Battle'd blight.

. . . . . .

(But 'twas the stately burial of a Monarch whose great heart had beat with the throb of a million souls, and the "BLUE" — that's true — with those bereft and left —

Pause now, with paid tribute of PATRIOT unto PATRIOT, the while we write their — *Rest in Peace*" — upon the marble Cenotaph our hearts have rear'd — a shaft the gloom hath cleft —

Beside the lonely rocks that lift their hoary crag-wilds like the grey and mossen ruin of some old tumbled rampart, above that Knightly Grave, embalm'd in love and tears;

But his kingly line — children We, descended nobly of the "Grey" — upbear a golden sceptre still, enjewel'd with his best bequest of God's "*Love one another*," through all the fleeting years;

The while forgiving — as we hope to be forgiven, and nobly struggle on, as battling still the Right is with the Wrong, hoping — faithful, yet to reach the Heights,
Where enthron'd we'll place our spotless, lov'd, and peerless HONOR, *lunaria-crown'd*, beside the Nation's glory-sceptred Goddess Liberty no longer veiled with starless battle-nights !)

. . . . . .

'Twas night throughout Columbia: for o'er the Fallen (Blue, — or — Grey,) *Wife* the fondest — with *Mother* true of test — the *Friend* all fair — or love's beautiful *Betrothed*, —
America's fair Rachel was weeping for her Dead — alike above the slain upon the altars of the Victor and the Vanquish'd, — in weeds of anguish cloth'd:
(Ay ! We have our noble Niobes — North and South — stricken dumb with grief, sitting desolate beside the silent stones that lift white shafts of glory —
WAR'S MARBLE-SCULPTUR'D HIST'RY — above the dasied sod that urns their sacred dead, the while the world shall read for aye, the truth that tells their high heroic story.)

'Twas morning after battle: Radiantly a cloudless morn arose — a roseate fragrance-breathing dawn broke balmful o'er all — alike above the broken battle-lines
Of Conqueror and Conquer'd, — a proud, pathetic picture — renown'd remnant of Two grand Armies — background by a rippling sea of tender foliage and flower-broider'd vines: —

APPOMATTOX! Oh, *immortal* APPLE-TREE! that tells its touching, tristful tale historic to all the Ages sounding down the lengthening corridors of Time —
Eloquent of all that filled the life of One who stood with glory-garland'd brow all bared beneath thy rosy flushing, meeting fate infinitely sublime.

For 'twas the sunny smile of April 'tired in her tiara of dew-faceted diamonds and rose-*damasse* robe, — with ripple of silver laughter, and gleam of glad blue eyes,
When our grand old Chieftain yielded up his stainless sword, — and *then*, with magic change, the *April burst in rain of tears* from rifts of cloud that gloom'd the sad blue skies:
Four fitful years of blood and blighted hope — of silver clouds, with now a quiver fill'd with arrowy sun-beams, that shot their golden lances athwart the cheerless gloom —
And then arose, with distant rumble, the rushing storm, that ever broke its gathered fury in fearful flash of lightning, blasting all the hopes that late had burst in bloom! —

Yet all the Springtime flush was bursting out in bloom, as though no War had been, and all the land was rosy with the fountain-spray of blushing apple-blooms —
Flush'd with all the fragrant promise of fruitage rare and ripe; — just as when the royal Ruskin (wading soul-deep in rev'rent search of all the Beautiful God hides in Alpine-glooms,) —

Stood with brow imperial bared, his soul a-throb with ecstasy, and look'd between their rosy-sprays, a-while the sun was rising bright above the Vevay-orchard-aisles,
And saw the "azurn sheen" of Lake Geneva dimpling in the distance enchantingly, as though between them leap'd no fastastic cascades — or spann'd no measur'd miles: —

(Oh, incomparable Chief! Our immaculate LEE! through those bloom-full boughs flushed no hues of promise, rip'ning into hope's fruition, nor dimpling Lake all calm with *peace* for thee, —
For thy "Cause" so sacredly espous'd is dead — its cherished banner furl'd, thy great heart broke, when thy valiant Hosts were vanquish'd and their Ship went down beneath a starless, shoreless sea.)
An apple-tree, 'tis said, lifted its bloomful banner above his noble head, — a fitting ensign — Flag-of Flowers a-float for the grand old Hero, who could show the listening World,
How grand a Truth could meet Defeat! — though his "Conquered Banner" —("Treat it gently, it is holy,") — unto the blightsome breeze its fallen stars and cross no more should be unfurl'd.

And though he could not lift our Failure up to the Heights he yearn'd to, still an iridescent spell of grandeur through all time shall linger enchantingly around our Lee's surrender,

The while no heart — of friend, or foe, withholds its meed of praise for him, and sanctified his brave-pathetic story, in sweetest rush of mem'ries sad and tender,

. . . . . .

Well might you burst in bloom to weave the flushing crown *of such a* LEE ! a name that gathers fame with each golden cycle running — a Hero dead — yet deathless, embalm'd in love and glory ! —

While the proud, imperial GRANT is living, earth and earthy, with the dire New Era that dawn'd upon a Nation then, — the while a World is reading still his strange eventful story : —

And yet we grant thee glory, Grant, for all that's noble in thee, — for the grandeur of that spirit *too great to take the sword there offered thee* in token of Surrender ! — a symbol of Defeat ! —

Too proud a patriot thou ! — too worthily a warrior to humble by such usage, a Hero whom — as soldier unto soldier — as patriot unto patriot, thou could but honor also, with homages replete !

(Where is the sword of LEE ? Hath some mystic Maiden of the Lake grasp'd its jewell'd hilt, as did One the good and pure King Arthur's fam'd Excalibar "nine years wrought" —

Some enchanted arm . . . . "*clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful*," risen from the deep, brandish'd it three times, and drawn it out of sight swift as subtlety of Thought ? —

Doth our grand old white-hair'd Hero — done with earthly blight and battle-shock, with care and conflict, toil and time — rest him in some sweet Valhalla ? —

. . . . . .

" To the island-valley of Avilion :
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,"—

. . . . . .

Where he heals his broken heart with balmful bliss of ecstacy eternal, flushed with joy ineffable enclasp'd in arms of Love's own Allah?

Ay ! with Arthur — (Ideal rare of Tennyson transcendent,) well might he, if need be, waft response to hearts that wistfully lament him : —

. . . . . .

(" The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure ! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.")

. . . . . .

So may his grand redeem'd spirit rest in Paradisean peace, the while each vet'ran true that lingers here, may something find sufficient to content him!

Aye! bow to thy fate thou Beautiful South — none can do so more regal than thou! sheathe thy drawn sword so knightly and keen, to be brandish'd no more but in Song; —

A New Era is dawning upon you, with wonderful change revolutionizing all save the soul, — So — "unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," — you'll learn to submit you ere long,

And while . . . . "unto God the things that are God's" . . . . you will render, — have faith in the promise of an ultimate reward, and He will take care of the rest! Come—dry up your tears on the Grey-tatter'd sleeve:—

Unto the Inevitable yet you will bow, — as homeward you tristfully turn your handsome bronzed visage, with a soldier's permit of a permanent "leave."

"Peace!" And then from Camp to Court, echoed the dread decree — (did PEACE decree a *dread?*) — Aye — sometimes beneath her snowy standard, like angel-wings outspread in troth of vanquish'd pains, —

A Spirit-Dire forfeits there his plighted "*foi-de officer!*" and fury bursts the flood-gates of pent-up hatred, and sorrows surge in persecution of the consecrated captives that War hath manacled with chains.

Famed FORTRESS MONROE! consecrated by *memorabilia* of thy rever'd Prisoner-of-State! They have torn off the crown from thy kingly brow, belov'd Sire, and dethron'd though thou be —

While a Southern soul shall weep above our noble hero-graves crown'd with summer-wealth-of-roses, in ev'ry Southern heart you'll find . . . . "*a kingdom and a home,*" loyal still to thee! —

While just History shall chronicle the glory Thine, and *Theirs who died*, as far a-down the flight of Time e'en the Conqueror shall tell the truth sublime —(heroic story),

That nerved each Southern hand and thrilled each Southern heart, the wistful while the Poet's sigh and song shall weave in silk'n web the cloth-of-gold that broiders all the woof of thy unfading glory!

And while we cherish DAVIS, there are those whose loyal hearts are thrilling still with memories sweet as nodding recemes of the valley's fragrant *fancy-liricon*,—

Tender-throbbing thoughts that cluster like rare chaliced spiceries around the sacred mem'ry — name renown'd — and sad untimely fate of one whom men called LINCOLN!

. . . . . .

(Oh! Beloved Southland! even in thy defeat, when they have torn the bright laurels from thy beautiful brow, — through duty — through homage — through love that's undying, and a royal birthright, I am thine! —

And thine too, oh, proud Northland! (thou *true* North averse to all tyranny),—thine in all that promotes our Union's perfection—the Union as our Fathers, patriot-hearted and souled-divine,

Who founded it — devoutly declared it should be,— battle wrought and blood-sealed, its rights sacred and supreme, — a Sovereignty born of crimson-sworded, flame-eyed Revolution,

And in their Declaration that bequeathed us Independence, was soul'd a Nation's glory, whose laurels flourish only as . . . . "*divinely wrestling for the triumph of the True* . . . . " we falter not in Constitutional devotion!)

. . . . . .

"*Dead upon the field of glory!*" —The Ashbys, Jackson, Zollicoffer, Johnston, Polk, and Stuart, — Cleburne, Bartow, Morgan, Price, and LEE! whose fadeless wreaths of glory twine amaranthine blooms all with our "MANY NAMELESS."

("Who mined and trenched and marched and toiled with ardor unabated,

And swept across the *battle*-fields like whirlwinds incarnated;

Whose grand impersonal renown adds to their country's glory,

But gives them not one line in song, and not one page in story."—)

Yet all who fell — or Blue, or Grey — believing what they *died* for right, — (the soldiers sacred credo — for what greater love hath patriot, than he that lays his *life* upon his country's altars?) — we crown them with the Many Blameless!

Val-kyr-i-a! (*crowds of slain*), alas! *our* crowds of bravest hero-slain, whom the beautiful but awful *Valkyria* . . . "marked with their spear-point when the hour of death had come!"

Above the glory-garland'd graves of These, the Greys bereav'd — through all the years — shall come in tears to lay with immemorial love sweet votive flowers of rarest bloom: —

While for the Blues' beloved McPherson, and all their Braves and Loves, who fell upon the same proud field of glory, we would twine a garland fair-of-fame that no *brother* go uncrowned! —

Have They not gone with Us to pay the . . . . "largesse of their praise . . ." in tender tribute to "Our Dead?"— thus would we go with Them also to Arlington (or Theirs, or Ours?) — renown'd,

With . . . . "homage true and tender,
As soldier unto soldier's worth,—
As brave to brave will render."

Sleep well thou love-embalm'd Immortal Dead — belov'd of Blue or Grey, — while sacred memories cluster like white roses around each "Cause" for which you separate battled hard: —

Ora et labora ! our noble motto be — ("*Fideli certa merces,*") for prayerful work that's sanctified by faith, is sure at last, of none but just and full reward.

. . . . . .

That KNIGHT-OF-GREY fell devotedly defending the Gates that opened on Atlanta, and they laid him down to rest — the warrior's last sleep — like a Prince in state wound in his royal battle-flag ; —

And the KNIGHT who wore the BLUE was true, and yielded up both life and love — a sacred holocaust — beside a Battery that belched death and desolation at famed and far-off Gettysburg.

. . . . . .

That Southern home the Grey Knight left in grand but sadden'd beauty, lies a desolated heap of ashes-of-the roses, while a wandering trail of ivy winds lovingly around a gnarl'd and shiver'd oak,

As if to twine a monarch's crown in lieu of the oak'n splendor lost, and with caressing fond and tender, bring back the forest-life that faded when its brave old heart had broke ; —

Bare and cheerless chimneys stand within the tumbled walls, like grim sentinels that guard the sacred spot where that lordly home had stood — as all the stillness of the place is hush'd a-like the sacredness of prayer,

The while, beneath the shade pathetic of swaying weeping-willows, a straggling clump of lilies lift their pure white faces — white as though the thought of some sweet sad Past had blanched them with despair.

Some tenacions fruits still golden, and some to crimson turn, a-down the gloomful orchard-aisles, ripen'd into richness for birdlings that sometimes wing their flashing flight that way,

But the silence no echo now sends back — no mirth, nor music, at the board, or hearthstone, — no greeting there of gladness at yule-tide, birth, or bridal anniversary.

While the orphan'd and the widow'd, brok'n-hearted and homeless -- (born of Bounty, cradl'd silk'n-swaddled at the Court, and, wedded unto Love, had liv'd with Luxury —) now battle with a hard New-Era, unlov'd, unhonor'd, sad, and songless ;

Strange inheritance of Honor ! -- broken fortunes, buried kindred, blighted dreams, and bruised spirits, with none to lisp "*I love,*" as darker glooms the way, and Hope affrighted flees them, in contest with Le Diable the Soulless !

. . . . . .

That Northland Home, that rear'd palatial walls beside the royal-rolling Hudson, where the roses dew-bespangled and June-burn'd into crimson had perfum'd the olden days of love and peace,

When its marble halls had echoed the thrills of joy that burst the soul of song, where melody awoke 'mid elegance exquisite as sculptures that adorn'd the Classic Age of Greece.

. . . . . .

The courtly master-of-the-manor — on far-off fields of carnage, fighting for a crown of glory he could not live to wear, — the queen of love, that long had reign'd there, found no joy now in all that regal splendor, —
For the morning's roseate rising, the glory of the noon-tide, soft twilight with its tender touches, or night with starry crown and sceptre, nothing could suffice or render
For the loss of life's rare charm that love had wrought between the two, for the glory that no earthly fame could balance — the priceless crown that unaffected affinity creates,
Festooning all the palace with full-expanded florals of hue and fragrance fadeless, the while it gladdens, with infinite thrills of joy, the soul of all its happy inmates:

". . . . . and his home, that fain would be
Childhood's gayest haunt, grew weary — tired of its dumb misery,
Sad and desolate, as pining for the touch of loving hands,
Soft words and murmurs floating from the joy of happy bands;
And its terraces grew wilder, and Decay smote on its tow'rs,
And weed and bramble rudely pierced the timid hearts of flowers.
Here life slumbered dreaming, dreaming
Of a distant morrow gleaming;"

. . . . . .

'Till at last the spell was brok'n — the silence long unbrok'n save by murmur of the slow sad river, and fountains falling soft against the canna-thickets and Caladium-leaves,

Awoke at sudden touch of strange sweet witcheries that thrilled the thousand hidden harps so late in sadness hush'd, where the sweet dicentra, the grouping anagallis cleaves : —

Like a " Sleeping Palace " — a Prince had come to break the weird charm that wove its muteful myst'ries all about the place, from royal hall and chamber, up to dove-deserted tower, —

A magic touch of wonder-working-wealth ! a kiss of joy sweet as love's own lips could make it ! and the silence leapt again to life in beauty's matchless power.

Its marble columns brok'n and statues fallen prone among the long, cool grasses, are by hands of wealth uplifted upon their proud pedestals, gleaming white against the rose-and-amber fires that burn within the west ;

The while each golden hour is telling tales of love and hope's fulfilment within two souls but lately wed, as each dawn enflushed with joy, or noon with open splendor, wooes them to the twilight's fragrant rest:

Bliss, Melody, and Peace are blending all their rarest — for Love hath wooed, and won, and brought a Bride there, orange-crown'd and Cupid-sceptred — and from the soul's veil'd altars, clouds of holy incense rise,

Distilling all the sweets of life,— (ah ! how the fond enchanted vision brings back the brok'n bliss of past Milleniums that *others, wedded, lived there !*) in this sweet home — their Paradise !

For, alas! the lightsome laughter that ripples through its halls, with songs that tell of joy, are songs that strangers sing: while she whose heart had broke in grief for Gettysburg, lies asleep beneath that tristing Linden-Tree by the rolling silver river.

Through all the nights of starry glory — (full of love's sweet story as when *they* parted there with hope of swift reunion,) — while the lilies ope their fragrant hearts above her, and soft with dewy tears the silver aspens quiver.

. . . . . .

Tristesse! (Sweet Timrod's harp lies mute and unstrung by the sapphire walls of glory, but the deathless songs his spirit' woke shall forever thrill divinely the sweetest, tenderest Lyre of Time, —

With Barrick's into glittering fragments broken, and wondrous Warfield's peerless and transcendent — thrilling to Eternity! — all asleep with those grand heroes whose daring deeds of valor, their matchless touch hath woven into songs sublime!)

. . . . . .

TRISTESSE!! yet still true and through all time, to thee, our dear and sainted, Dead we'll be true, — we'll fight on for Right, and the world shall yet see the star of our glory ascendant;

Whate'er betide, — *in the truth, the honor, the fadeless fidelity* that clings so divinely about us in our deep desolation, — shall be read the record where Fame press'd her lips to the wounds of a Nation whose soul is transcendent!

(Doomful desolation! — as we sit in the ashes of our proud ancestral homes — in the smoke of the altars that burn'd with the sacrificial slain, and hung a cloud-pall 'bove the hills of our Zion all day;)

Yet the roses shall blossom again, and twine their blush and their fragrance, perfuming the hushes that shall waken to softest cadences, where the lurid flames hungrily leap'd and the life-blood flow'd warmly away.

The World wide-eyed shall see! In our halls of State, on the Forum, through the Press, and the Pulpit; in the wealth exhaustless that Toil and Science shall exhume from the mountain-beds and valley-mines of our incomparable clime! —

In the Majesty of Right! in the Dignity of Endeavor! in the Glory of our Genius! in the Triumph of the True, — Time shall tell unto the Last of Earth the tritely-tender tale of a Race who liv'd and died sublime!

And at last — like our royal Requier's dream of his country's faultless future, that vision'd to his wistful soul his infinite "HYMN TO THE DAWN," — *that dawn* e'en now is breaking in roseate flush of Aurora-splendor,

Gilding all our land with a glory most resplendent, and all his poetic-spirit so sweetly, so supremely dreamed of then, has burst from Prison sombre and Subjugation sad, into hope's rare fruition, loveliest and tender! —

" · · · from the depths of its fountains of blue,
Such a blaze of bewildering light,
As the Legends of Araby never yet drew
From the stars of traditional light. —

. . . . . .

"Purple acres of grape and savannahs of snow,
Full of streams that enrichingly run
Through the fairest of blooms which the tropics bestow
On the flowery isles of the Sun.

"Noble structures of Commerce and niches of Art,
Stately temples and towers between,
Fretted domes soaring up from the dust of the mart,
Where the wonders of Science are seen."

. . . . . .

TRISTESSE ! ! ! Yet the waste places shall be built into Cities imperial, walled about with bulwarks of Strength, and Gardens of Eden shall blossom supernal, where lately the Desert hath drain'd the last teardrop of dew;

And Joy shall christen the Crushed — the Disconsolate, Comfort shall crown, — while baptismally and bridally chime the sweet bells pealing their gladness to hearts that throb happy and true!

. . . . . .

"Oh, I see the long stretch of thy sorrowing years,
Clime of Cedars! transformed in my sight,
From the comfortless drops of thine anguishing tears
Into dews of maternal delight."

. . . . . .

Tristesse! Tristesse! Our one sin and error then was leaving thee, sweet Union! recklessly and passionately tearing all from thy protecting arms of tenderness, oh! thou loved and consecrated CONSTITUTION!

O! saintly shades of Washington and all thy grand Compatriots! in pity pardon yield us, that we, faithful and unyielding, did not cling to thy rich bequest with more than patriot's devotion!

Oh! divine-souled sovereign, benign Mother receive us in thy loving arms so all-enclasping! We, thy repentant, returning Prodigal-children, who, though sinning, have erred not of the heart —

Take us back to thy heart and thy house beloved *mater*, — heirs and joint-heirs with thy first-born? — we'll be true, we'll be loyal, and love thee as only the penitent can love, and *nothing shall cleave us apart!*

We come: We come to the Feast! we come into the wonderful Temple that patriotic time has dedicated unto thee! We have made our sacrifices: we have offered our peace-offerings to thee, —

As Sheba the lovely, to Solomon came, bearing weight of such treasure as only such royalty bears, in tribute to the crown'd, so come we, bearing gold'n vessels of all we are — or have — or hope ever to be!

With allegiance faithfully renewed — with unfaltering faith, that plights the fond troth — if to battle we *must*, then *forever we'll do battle with thee, and for thee!*

For only with thee we are sovereign! *Crown*, and *throne*, and *sceptre thou*, and none shall dare gainsay us! "Beautiful . . . as Tirzah, ... " oh, thou supreme in power! predominant, all-protecting, pavise shield of Liberty!

"Under the imperial ægis" . . . . of the Constitution, we shall do valiantly! So, swift let sail

the love-decked yacht of UNION, from Ocean unto Ocean, from Mexico to Maine!

Wash off the war-paint *a la Sioux*, — Magnolia Balm is better; *Sioux despoil the Eagle's crest*, — and bury deep and out of sight forever, the Sectional Hatchet that splits the Nation's Heads in twain.

Remember the apple so fatally ripen'd in Eden, and that other all golden'd for *discord*, and which bore the inscription, "*For the fairest*," and thrown into an assembly of gods to incense them.

Then let us cling to a "Paradise regained," and see that no Eris of discord hurls apples of hate in assemblies of the brave, the great, and the free, that Justice and Power come not with reward to compense them.

And we shall win us again the glory of the times that were — the olive-branch of peace that swayed from Revolution to War-between-the-States — that stately ship that sail'd from Shore to Shore of *Liberty!* —

And ours the dearest, bravest, brightest land of all, whose glory shines the fairest and the freest, wherein nor bud, nor bloom, nor fruit, matures the venom of any dissonant and poisonous Atâ.

. . . . . .

("Fairies use flowers for their charactery.") So — the BROKEN STRAW that emblems all *dissension*, Fanatics hold forever there to keep the Union's brok'n chain from clasping links-of-love, —

To wind its golden cable round the Roman-fluted Pillar Constitution, and cast our jewelled anchor in the Happy-Havens of Prosperity and Peace and Love!

But then some baneful BRAMBLES will wind their briery tangles of envy's upas-breathing thorns to prick the sweet PERUVIAN-HELIOTROPES and BLUE-BELLED-HYACINTHS that live their *constancy!*

Alas! that our proud Republic, blood-born of red-robed Revolution and christen'd proudly, with a Washington for sponsor, should, after one golden-cycled Century,

Find upon her SATIN-FLOWER soil, sodded with *sincerity*, a rabid crop of HELLEBORES that whisper *scandal* of their neighbors, who hold across the greeny mounds that urn their lov'd and lost, the OLIVE-BRANCH they take,

With estigeres of AMBROSIA'S *love-returned.* But JUDAS-TREES are ever growing somewhere within the palace-walls, beneath whose nightshade-shadow no sweet YARROW blooms a *cure* for *heartache;* —

Nor the MOONWORT of *forgetfulness*, or PHLOX that whispers sweetly "*our souls are united!*" but AURICULAR, *avarice*-hearted, sows all the sod beneath the Judas-tree,

While wild FRAXINELLA flings *fire* (sectional flambeaux) flaming all our PASSION-FLOWER hearts, the while the FRITILLARIA, solid-flank'd, pursues us still with *persecution;* — and we fain would flee

The baser-hearted WILD-BELVIDERE, who cries out ever, "*I declare against you!*" while all his clan is twining YORK-AND-LANCASTER-ROSES—bloody-petalled blooms of *War!*"

To fire and wreathe in flame, the peaceful olive-vales that smile with happy homes, and burn to scraggy stubble all the mrytle-glades that waft their fragrant loves, sweetly, near and far.

Yet we labor still with faith, while our ALMOND-branches and HAWTHORN-sprays all blossom white and rosily with fragrant flowers of *hope*, — and a spirit sweet is sighing through all our HAZEL-dells,

That whispers of a *Reconciliation* sweet at last, when we shall know — and understand — and love each other as we should, — and Love shall light the home — while Peace and Plenty spreads the board where Blue and Grey together dwell.

The two imperial sections — the snow-crowned, granite-pillar'd NORTH, — and passion-flower, myrtle-souled SOUTH, — each have their FRINGED-GENTIANS of *intrinsic worth*, their Good and Great Ones innate —

Their incorruptible CEDARS-OF-LEBANON, who flourish unfading, and steadfastly festooning our Pillars of State, as their clust'ring Stars are shining Constellations of our Senate!

While fairer hands are twining wreaths of *friendship's* ROSE-ACACIA — that "Burns with one love, with one resentment glows" — among our LAURELS *a l'Americaine*, to lay as tribute of honor — (in splendid Tyrian stains all mix'd), —

Or woven meed of love, upon our altars inwrought of National Patriotism. For the fragrant HONEYSUCKLE — "*bond of love*," that so deeply rooted in the crimson soil of our first patriot '76,

And blossomed beautiful for many a sunny cycle, must be nurtured still into perennial bloom of love fraternal. And while Northern NASTURTIUM twines its patriotism pure

. . . . . .

With the candid COLTSFOOT that plights the faith of "*Justice shall be done you,*" and holds the GOLDENROD "*encouragement*" for our willing hands to grasp: our own LIVE-OAKS shall lisp of "Liberty!"

And tufts of MYSTLETOE clinging to their branches, will whisper ever "*I surmount all difficulties,*" and peerless IPOMŒAS will joyously smile "*I attach myself to thee!*"

And while our LILIES-OF-THE-VALLEY shall bring "*return of happiness* to all; those who dwell in white MAGNOLIA-GROVES shall plight you "*perseverence,*" as we clasp warm hands of love,

And together journey "*proud and peerless,*" beneath the floating Stars-and-Stripes! Yea! for, "*sub hoc signo vinces!*" yet, remember, Brothers, as onward, upward we shall move,

. . . . . .

"The surest weapon is not gun or sabre,
Cannon, nor rifle, *when for truth we fight,*
A few fit words surpass the idiot's jabber,
Tongue, pen, and press, are potent for the right."

. . . . . .

"*A cader va chi troppo alto sale!*" — (Who climbs too high goes to fall,) — and great is that fall; ay! inor-

dinate Ambition will venture too far, and Avarice knoweth no bounds;

Better live humble and honest; the shepherd's day-dreams are delicious and pure as the daisies — the reaper culls lilies of *poesie* too with his sheaflets all garner'd for granaries golden that covets no crowns!

Too true it, Alas! We cannot deny it — incongruously mix'd with our RARE INCOERCIBLE and INCORRUPTIBLE FEW, lamentably we've . . . . "frauds in high places, official deceit,"

Defiling our Places of Power — usurping the Throne of the True, with an *atimy aspic* in venom — with naught to commend them but "cheek" and chicanery complete!

While Legislation ebbs and flows beneath the Dome of Washington, and in agitated circles audient, spreads from shore to shore, its troubled waters circling all our semi-tropic Bay-begirdled strand a-tiding,

Or lash the crag-wilds frowning down our sunny streams that wind their Yang-Lang laden banks by imperial inland cities that lift their spires proudly heavenward, — and through the lines dividing,

Backward sweeps that rushing tide to the Land of Lakes where Chicago, Crown Princess of the West, — across the long blue sweep of mountains, on through queenly cities, cooler hamlets, plain,

And regal streams that roll, like the triumphal chariot of a monarch, by pale-hued hills that nestle 'neath colder, calmer skies than ours, and tell their limpid rising from the granite cliffs of Maine.

Factions ferment on the Forum: "Rings" are ruble-
wrought within a Ring — ("Uncle Sam" the mono-
gram) Rings that plight their troth upon the mystic
finger of Cliques Political,
Who — when tried in the alembic of Truth — these
pseudo-volcanic legislators, *flame*-emiting and much
smoke, but no *lava*, — are wanting the beautiful "I AM"
that proves the Patriot *pure* and analytical. —

. . . . . .

For seldom now, ... "those regal souls we meet,
Who kept their honor tho' the world had rocked beneath
their feet,
With that clear dignity that shone no clearer for renown,
*That matchless majesty that won, but would not wear a
crown.*

"The massive brow! the kingly hand! the proud and
stalwart form,
That stood as beacons in the night, as bulwarks in the
storm!
How few and far in glory's slope, their less'ning numbers
stand!
The pillars of a people's hope! The Titans of a land!

"NOW! *when decends the sullen night*, our country's
darkest hour,
WhenDemagogue and Parasite defile the seats of power,
When dust is on the Eagle's crest and stain on stripe
and star,
WHOSE limbs shall fill their robes in peace, or lift their
swords in war?"

. . . . . .

Ay ! WHO shall fill the Highest Seat within the People's gifts ? Will you crown . . . "Imperial *anarchs* doubling human woes," . . . a "SECTIONALIST, *with disunion tendencies ?*" —

Or a man — a statesman and a patriot born, with spotless record growing retrospective brighter the while "Campaign" researches unfolds its hidden glory, and with the backward sweep of years, brings but proud remembrances ! —

A noble . . . "NATIONALIST" . . . in every sense that sweeping term enfolds, — with soul enamored only with the love of a noble nation — a heart that pulses pure and impassioned for his country's good and glory, —

A heart whose loyal, proud, pure blood has dash'd its crimson spray through honor'd generations of a patriot ancestry, who for INDEPENDENCE a faithful sponsor stood ! (the world has read their story.)

He could no more the traitor prove than rose-winged zephyrs the morning-star could move, and with this *unbought* INCORRUPTIBLE to fill our Chair-of-State, a Nation then might quaff the wine of joy from foaming . . . . "Bowls of frosted argentry."

. . . . . .

Then send your *psephism* with faithful precision—throw your *pebble* with power for good, deep in the agitated political pool,— or yet your proudly boasted *ballot* in the sovereign *box*, a-voting, —

"*For sons are we of a courtly race, and bound by a knightly* vow!" . . . to plight our faiths and all our

hopes and loves as One united free and fearless, and our fortunes — fame — and fervor forever patriotly devoting!

Happy Times ere long may joyous spring to meet us, radiant as a cloudless morn when all the sky is blue with June, and all the earth is roseate with the fragrant mystical of bloom, —

Glad as when a maiden dreams the vision'd beautiful that breaks upon her spotless soul in all the prism'ic hues of promise; while young, trustful love whispers her approaching nuptials in all their bridal glùme: —

But a tearful time it was — (and years so fraught with pain and sadness, joy or gladness, have drifted by since then) — when all was dark as when it rains all night out of a day of thunder, —

And sad as when we've buried our heart's most holy one — and all life's love and light — and hope lies cold *out there with them*, — and they bring us home to live without them, — when a Nation, rent asunder,

Drifted out into a shoreless future, uncertain and treacherous as the ocean when it slumbers calmest, as if to gather strength to meet the fearful Storm-King, whose throne 's the lightning's flash;

And the grand old Ship-of-State hard-sea-faring, floated through the darksome desolation, rudderless, and without compass -- with its freight of souls, who on some port of peace might chance — or on the wreckfull rocks their destinies might dash!

When that Night deep-shadow'd in Defeat, clos'd down upon fair Southland, and all the aspens trembl'd their lamentations mutely, while the flags all droop'd at half-mast, as if for stately fun'ral affecting;

While no star of hope glimmered with its glow of promise through the prison-walls of famed old Fortress Monroe, *then* — from the broken Court-of-the-Conquered — (Alhambra in ruins!) fled a Courtier-of-Congress to foreign lands protecting: —

Ay, a mighty Son of the Subjugated South, a brilliant light, or lofty pillar of the once so proud Confederate Court, fled from the reigning Powers, — for *loss of liberty to him meant death! or death in life!*

An Imperial City — far over the blue sweep of turbulent seas — beyond the white cliffs of Dover, opened her royal palace-gates to yield him that home his own country denied him in her strife.

But the whole round Earth — journey where you will — from life's blushing Eden-of-birth to the close of its cross-crown'd Calvary, — hath test of the soul in many a rich field of endeavor;

And we have only to touch the mainsprings of Right, to garner the glory of triumph! as we've but to be brave in crushing the Wrong, to encircle our brows with the kingliest of crowns, as hopeful we glide a-down the swift tide, to that radiant, far-off Forever!

So — on the bright shores of far Albion fair, our Knight in his exile, found that roses bloom not without

thorns, even there — that battle for brave hands to do awaited his coming — great wrongs for the daring to undo, and a royalty rare to enthrone! —

Strong barriers to break down, ere he won a new crown, ramparts of strength grown hoar with the passing of time, and inequitable customs that centuries of pursuance hath conventionally grown.

Swiftly-going, impress-leaving, yearning years — with their freight of treasure (left or lost, else retain'd at costly cost), and tears that told of joy supreme, or sadness oft times that fathom'd the depths of despair, —

Have swept their swinging cycles winged and swiftly by, since the courtly coronation of HONORA (*honor or honorable*), that made her the queenliest of queens, — a Princess of the Royal House, so peerless and fair!

But treacherous Fortune was driving her tinselled chariot, with grim Destiny pushing at the wheels, — for heads that wear Crowns, perforce oft are aching — and there is no safety attending the Throne!

As there is no telling what Commotion will crush — Revolution may ruin — Revolt enrampant dethrone, or Conspiracy blight the fairest *fleur-de-lis* of royalty blown.

For great JUSTIN — (Justice or the Just), — Honora's imperial father had mysteriously died, and as CRIME ever ready to don royal robes and, pharisaical, sit in high places, —

(Sit in judgment on the means, the works, and the

motives of others,— of the pure — the innocent — the upright and good ; — concealing self-guilt under pale complaisant faces.—)

So — AVARICE audacious and brimful of "*Chic,*" aided the Pretender, ROWLAND—(or Council of the land), to usurp the proud throne of imperial HONOR when JUSTICE was dead : —

And Iscariot-like, to pocket the fatal thirty pieces of silver that betrayed a Redeemer, — and rule with austerity the Realm, e'er ready to betray with a kiss, while those who adhered to the Crown, in dismay and terror had fled !

But there's ever a Redeemer awaiting with power, somewhere to right every wrong — and while the . . . . "mills of the gods grind slowly," . . . *how* painfully slow to all the mute Watchers and Waiters, no singer can tell —

And yet they grind surely : (for though the stately *Agave* is long in maturing its beauty, still it blossometh once in a Century !) — and though the long suff'ring and forsak'n despair, yet God's time cometh when all will be well.

o — for Honora the lovely discrown'd, arose a great Champion, who — brave as the . . . "noble six hundred,". . . fought like a charmed Crusader for her kingdom and crown.— (*how fearless the hand that unsheath'd so stainless a sword, for such an immaculate Queen !*)

For this hussar-engagement was not the sabre-cleft billowing of sacrificial blood gushing warm from high

heroic hearts,— nor the bursting of *material bombs*, and all that War's horrors have been!

But the hardest-fought, dearest-bought battles are e'er the dread Waterloos won on the glorious field where the Soul's in command,— and the Marathons mental — where the Bozzaris of a courageous spirit dares to hurl its keen sabre unerring at CUSTOM; —

Cutting down some vile MURAT with his blood-begemmed crown and ruin-reeking sceptre, — and slaying all Evils in his path, deliver a people from a tyrant-of-terror that for Ages had curst them, --

While he decreed of a Nation's Lov'd — Proudest —and Purest — "Aha! they die to-day! bring them praying like the Martyrs from their pestiferous prisons where I chain'd them! I would have an old Roman arena. that torn they might be and devour'd by the Lions of Hell! —

But then the old Doges of patrician Venice did the business 'brown,'— so -- by the Infernal! blindfold these simpering saints — bring them bound through this other Bridge of Sighs -- let them down in the death-depths below blacker than Dante's '*Inferno*,'— *that'll* answer quite as well!"

But the spirit transcendent of tender-soul'd *truth* leap'd forth from the Champion's soul, swift as the flight of arch-angels on missions divine,— declaring the resurrection of Justice at hand, —

Forth it leapt from out the Dantean-darkness, crying with a voice of power — "Nay, but *thou* shall sink with the sinking of the sun, down to the doom that awaits the Oppressor of a royal line and their land!"—

And a-while holy insense of unceasing prayer arose like the perfumes that diffuseth the Holy of Holies of the Temple, far 'bove the surging of the crowd — and the smoke of the sacrifices, rang out that decree — "*This day shalt Thou die!*"

And cleaving the silence that follow'd, flashed the gleam of a glaive — swift and unerring the blow that sever'd the heart of their foe, — flashing between God's Innocently Condemn'd and the woe of their anguishing cry.

. . . . . .

'Twas a perilous undertaking — this courageous attempt to do battle combatting the Strong who held supreme sway from sea-board to centre — a mighty realm through, —

. . . . . .

"To rise above modes and the hard fettered hour
Which society's rules and conventions have wrought,
To trammel the free life and deaden high thought!"

. . . . . .

But he faltered not — nor fear'd he the scorning of Sin, or of Crime her contempt, — for his courage was great — as his cause was most grand, — his prowess unparallel'd — as masterful and matchless his will, and he won the grand triumph of the true!

With that high heroic motto inwrought upon his shield — "Plato is my friend, Socrates is my friend, *but Truth is more my friend*," — he battled brave and hard —

As all undismay'd he cleft the Coronet of Crime, with the *nil desperandum* of the dauntless — and wearing his honors with the grace that mantles the great, he claims the crown of a priceless reward!

Proud victory won! Honor restor'd to her Throne! and high on the ramparts, pinnacle, and turret of town, floats the Imperial flag, (the blue Lions of Britain protecting,)

While it flutters unfurling to the breeze of a popular applause, the proud name unsullied of Honor's Hercules —thrilling to lands encircling the seas, with a mesmeric sweetness ineffably affecting!

Would you learn of that fame-letter'd name? his lineage lordly may be trac'd from the princely house of JUDAH, (*praised*) with the purity of the powerful P. — a grace-note intitial inwrought for this boundless brave BENJAMIN, (*son of the right.*)

And while of his prowess you are lavish of praise — and twining my Chaplets-of-Mars 'round Names all enjewell'd with stars, — *read a-right* — and be sure to place on the Height the proud one of our own and fair Honor's true Knight!

Backward — athwart the grey sweep of centuries that have plied the patina of ages on Time's chisell'd works, — fancy Eastward flies o'er the sacred hills of Galilee, —

On — by the fair Vale of Elah, and lovely Idumea, — far on to Hebron or *el-Khulil*, — to Mount Carmel, and Cedron or bonnie brook Kidron that wanders to the sea; —

Then up — mounting higher to the grand Hills of Zion, over the tower'd walls of the City-of-the-Eternal where clouds of incense hung, — to the glory then crowning this royal Judah's house like a Bethlehemean star: —

(For . . . . "it is said that when God entered into covenant with the Jewish nation, he placed a beautiful crown upon their head,") — a crown that no touches of time can utterly tarnish or mar!

(A City so great in its time — must even be grand in its ruins! for no centuries of desolation, nor crumbling of stone or of wall can overshadow the glory that shone there! —

For the ivies, and lichens, and mosses so tenderly mantling those magnificent ruins, are eloquent ever of the Living Redeemer who lov'd, wept over, heal'd, and forgave, — and walked with them there!

. . . . . .

And the memories so sacredly sad — as so sacredly sweet, — that hallows the place, and halloes Jerusalem with a glory celestial, does not, never did, nor ever can crown other Earthly City;

And the highest and holiest thoughts that can thrill a Christian heart, turns ever devoutly to linger around its everlasting hills! — its overthrown Temple!! — its transcendent Gethsemane!!! —

Its matchless Mount-of-Olives! its agonizing Golgotha!! its Holy Sepulchre!!! — all the glory-pav'd paths that led outward through its suburban ravines — and up the winding mountain-ways! —

Over to the blessed and beautiful Bethany, — and that love-anointed, consecrated spot where a Saviour last impress'd the earth with flaming feet of Light when the Everlasting Gates swung open to receive Him that Superlative of Days!

Unworthy to kiss the feet, — how *blest* the lips flush'd with the Hope of Redemption, to kiss such holy dust! But white hands of Faith, led forth by the Comforter,
May ever and everlastingly touch the immaculate hem of His garment all-healing, as He walks with the Father in the Kingly Glory His, balm'd of holy myrrh!
And love devout and pure may ever wash His feet with the tears of a spiritual joy; while forgiven we anoint His Crown'd Head with a perfume more precious than sanctified the pure priestly Aaron).
Thus, mingl'd with thoughts so transcendent, and mem-'ries so sacred, ancestral-ward trace we the lineage lordly of the Knight who delight we to honor — who sojourns in fair Albion, across the sweet Avon!

This honored heir of generations many — in their exile, proving his masterful powers — his great moral prow-ess, his heroic love of honor, and fidelity to the land of his birth, and his gentle Gentile friends;
Hath won their priceless meed of love — and the laurels unfading with which their grateful tender hands de-lighteth to crown him as his royal head crownward imperially bends.
And for him Southern hearts shall forever warmly throb, for, from beyond those far-off Judean-hills, across the sweep of years, baptised with tender tears, comes the everlasting-echo of "LOVE ONE ANOTHER!"
(For, We are all one God's — and O! Immortal Soul! *that* GOD IS LOVE!) — and tenderest memories of BENJAMIN, treasured shall be, while the world echoes the honor of our self-banished brother.

Ay! — for thee, just Judah — Knight of Honor's creed and crown, dewy-fresh, soul-budded, love-encrimson'd myrtles interweave we here, among the leaf-fam'd laurels we are fain to bring thee in our own happy turn; —

With some fragrant heart-leaves too, — (crushed — their sweetness distilling) — to tell the tender truths exhal'd in Southern sandal-woods, as they drip their aromatic spicery from mem'ry's golden urn:

Sweet bay-budded laurels from our white magnolia vales, will swing thee sweeter cereus-sculptured-censers of love's unceasing incense, than the praises won of strangers — and all they have to give!

For, while Southern hearts shall throb, or Southland altars burn with memories a-flame with the WAR's sacrifices, — past hist'ry *thine with ours endearing*, by indissoluble chains jewell-link'd, — *unforgotten thou!* while a Southern patriot lives. —

Still — in thy far English-home, may the laurels that begirt thy kingly brow, bud and blossom immortally beautiful! — May her Imperial Majesty, the Queen you loyal serve,

Grant you ever royal favor! — imperial welcome to her Court — the royalties rare of her Realm, — and with her own queenly hands "Knight you" with the honors you so worthily deserve!

. . . . . .

But the Blue and the Grey are united, — (still Factions ferment on the Forum!) Sheath'd is the sword that brothers unsheath'd for each other, — and the

dread battle-clouds ominous, roll'd back from our bonny blue sky,

Where the Thirty-Eight Stars of our Union are shining, while its millions of sovereigns all echo "E PLURIBUS UNUM!" and forever — "*In God is our trust!*" while the years in their flight are cycling us by:

And dainty-disc'd dasies, white with the purity of "Peace," drift all the hallow'd sod by murmurous streams of Springtide, while the Blue and the Grey enclasp hands —

And with hearts that beat with *one love* for the Dead of One Land, go forth at April-tide to garland with love, as with glory, the Immortal embalm'd in the Hollywoods, the Arlingtons, and Oaklands of our Fairest of Lands!

. . . . . .

What, should we need thee, great Judah? wilt thou never come back to espouse thy first love? Can thy home of adoption well spare thee? (they've glory of GLADSTONE.) We waft thee our blessing and love — though you left us.

Wilt hast'n? — if only to sit at the FEAST OF REUNION? Great souls — as great nations would bid all the Brave, the Great, and the Good, to come in their bridal-attire? We'd have them rejoice in our joy, as they wept us when sorrow bereft us!

Time was, when . . . . "We sat down by Babylon and wept," and our harps (with our hearts) on the willows were brok'n, as we sang no sweet songs of our Zion: But reunited — permitted to re-build, re-temple, and re-people our cities, — we've Oratorios divine! — we have tourney, and timbrel, and dance!

The banners float gaily their colors, the Knights in plumed helmets (and favors) for the jousts,— *the prize is a diamonded Heart!* — lo! they're ent'ring the lists! Would you tilt here and win for the Fairest? then "Lancelot" we bid thee lay in rest thy knightly lance!

Come! —

"All is quiet along the Potomac to-night,"
Except now and then an unwary Cadet
Is shot, as he dallies with Beauty at moonlight,
By an archer of Cupid conceal'd in the thicket.

. . . . . .

Who hath eyes to see let him see; and ears to hear let him hear. The "Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, once an honor'd son of the South, now in the foremost rank of Queen's counsellors at London;" —

Is the laurel'd Knight of Honor, who . . . *"refus'd to retain a fee in a case to which he could not give his attention:* — though it has been the custom for " (self-enriching) "centuries at London,—

When a barrister receives a fee, never to return it, though he were unable to give a moment to the cause," — inequitable custom that robbeth the *client* — the *counsel* enriching to splendor: —

But — "*over this barrier the honor of brave* BENJAMIN *bounded most nobly! He would have nothing for which he was unable full service to render!*"

"*Legal etiquette*" indeed! GENTEEL MURDER wears the crest-of-honor-so-call'd! Fashionable "Defalcation,"

— LICENS'D SACRILEGES! and the aristocratic "Bankrupt" (oft) a highway-man in elegant disguise! —

All hydra-headed monsters array'd against God and His handmaidens, Justice and Honor, and Truth, and Purity, shall shriek as Time shall . . . "*hurl the hateful things from age to age*" . . . while Mercy clasps her trembling hands across her sweet forgiving eyes?

. . . . . .

Thus, Benjamin, —*preux chevalier!* with a spirit most fearless and unfalt'ring —and brave hands that dar'd to grasp only the Right, hath successfully Honor restor'd to her Throne, by earnest and noble endeavor! —

There's a royal and rubied example of honor! in this clinquant-of-shoddy, and Rolled-Gold-Age of counterfeit greatness! an imperial incentive to virtue that wooes you with ineffable power forever!

Ay! thou chivalric sons of a lordly nation, . . . "Now put your shields before your hearts and fight, With hearts more proof than shields," — and keep your *swords* and *souls* my knightly brothers, forever *sans tache!*

. . . . . .

"Wherever Honors's sword is drawn,
And Justice rears her head,"

. . . . .

Be thou the *first* to succor and defend — the *last* to leave the field where Valor battles for the Right! Be thou, every chivalric son of you, a BENJAMIN when *honor's* in the contest!

While all the wondering World looks on to praise —

and all of Heaven smiles to see such heroism, such divine and daring doing of souls the bravest and the best!

Espouse his sacred cause! For while the golden cycles run the golden sands of Time, centuries shall chant for him "*Fama semper vivat!*"

And while tender fingers true and fair shall twine this Judah crowns — (with crowns for *thee* also!) — faithful hearts shall echo ever — "*Fama semper vivat!*"

And — "*Le bon temps viendra!*" Ah! *the good time will come!* is e'en now at hand — so near, that fervid fancy sees the arching of her ceil-hued skies all star-fring'd, bending so benignly above our own fair Land —

This Land of Lands, the proudest and the freest! unfailing fount of "milk and honey" flowing, — sweet Vale of this our Eschol, yielding flowers the fairest — and ripest-fruits the richest, for many a Star-and-Stripe en-banner'd band!

Land of happy plains, all white with lily-petal'd peace, and ripe with luscious clusters that never hang too high for faithful hands to reach, — of women fair and brave as the chevaliers they love! —

The "Home, sweet Home" of a people powerful and prosp'rous, whose "*Vive la République!*" is *jubilante* with "LIBERTY" for King! — a rich inheritance, whose rights were wrought of patriot-blood, and seal'd with patriot-love!

(Ah! how we late have sinned against our Fathers! Ay, but have we not drank the Marah-draught of such transgression? In a Wilderness of doubt, of disunion, and disobedient dissension, we long have journey'd sad.

Yet, *May the God in whom we trust, forgive all!* — granting this REUNION, be not a momentary view of the Promis'd Land from Pisgah? — but that surely *we may enter and possess it, with* HIS *blessing wise and glad!*)

. . . . . .

"Whom He hath forgiven much, loveth much." But Gethsemane and Golgotha must ever gloom with sad remembrances: — Ay! might we not call it VALKYRIA? (*our* crowds of slain.)

Nay, — rather christen we it, with the bright and bloom-ful laurels — LUNARIA — leav'd and wov'n in with all the glory-gilded immortality of that "Sweet By-and-By," where no love-encrimson'd tender hearts are pierced through with pain.

The moon was shining silver splendor — the molten splendor of a Southern summer night, just in sweet September's dawn, Cleopatra-clad in scarlet glow of bloom;

When through the summer-silence steal wafts of sudden, sweet, and subtile sighs of violets, of myrtles, and of roses (like memories that cluster 'round the lov'd), scenting all the vales of gloom.

. . . . . .

What time the lingering August-lilies dozing, dream'd serenely of the fleeting glory of one supreme white day,

. . . . . .

And wand'ring winds had trembling wooed the sweets, on scented isles of brilliant beds of tropic bloom, and brought them all the way: —

. . . . . .

The superb band at camp De Trobriand (where the bonnie boys blithe as the blue harebells and anemones that mountain rills have water'd),
Gave concert grand by moonlight — thrilling strains of Godfrey, Gungel, Schubert, Strauss, and Beyer — for the gallant troops were quarter'd)! —

The subtle strains of sweet "Ernani," (the soul divine of Verdi,) floated o'er the hills and died upon their hearts,
(Just as the last white queen-rose ope's her unkist maiden lips, confessing all the sweetness of her soul, ere the sceptre of Summer-tide departs.)

. . . . . .

Paul Chilton, pride of a Fed'ral father, was he who earnestly besought her,
And Ihna Eshton, she, the fair and only child, a lovely "Rebel" daughter: —

"My heart is wistful, Ihna, of that *our nord*,— my soul's 'let there be light?'
You will not let the Past rise up to thrust its pain between us with all its gloom and blight?

Your father fell at Richmond, and *mine* at Malvern Hill, — each fought for what he deemed the right! —
(Peace unto their ashes, while glory wreathes their names!) and by all that sacred in thy plight,

Yield me here, sweet Ihna, consent of all I ask — the *thine* and *mine* — love's infinite communion? —

And if Spirits joy to know Earth's joy, blissful be they
then, to know their patriot children's union!
I go, ere long, fair Ihna, back to my Northland home: —
wilt crown my life with love? tell me, Sweet, will
you come?

. . . . . .

Cheerless that proud home; its splendor holds no charm
now that could yield me joy without you,
For, Ihna, *my life's Sunrise and Soul-light!* I have no
joy, nor love, nor hope that does not cling about you."

"Ah, well," said Ihna, "I have my faiths, and you,
Paul, *must* have yours; yet our tastes æsthetic hold
one creed,
And," — the sweet-rose-face was blushing the bliss that
flush'd her heart, — "*love that's true must own its* KING
indeed! —"

"Then you *will!* my own love's very own!" cried Paul,
in ecstasy of joy; "O, Ihna, this one hour supreme
Is sweet fruition rare of hopes so long deferr'd — a royal
reality — so late a lover's dream!

And heaven help me in fulfilment of each hope, love-
enflush'd, that thrills through all your soul, —
And dearer render'd be, through faithful love to thee,
through all the passing years that blissfully shall roll."

"But — then — dear Paul," half falter'd Ihna, "you will
not tear me from all I cherish here?
I know your home is fair, and I could love your people;
but O, Paul, this sunny Southland to me is very dear!"

"Nay, go make your bower with me, in my land so fair to see, beside the summer lakes.
And when the flower's fade each year, '*The Swallows homeward fly*,' and our Northland's clad in snow-flakes.

If, *happier* my bonnie bird would be, I'll bring her back to this Semaramis-South."
Happy tears were gemming the gentianella eyes, and tender grateful words glow'd upon the rose-bud mouth.

. . . . . .

Thus, the BLUE and GREY went wooing, to some sweet trysting-place where fond betrothal found them,
And, faithful to their plight, many a bridal-pair hath knelt at the rubied altar where fair-hair'd Hymen bound them.

Yea, from Pennsylvania's pale-hued hills and crystal rills, that wind through sweetest sylvan vales,
To Georgia's gorgeous orange-groves that skirt the sea, with oak, and oleanders that crimson all her dales!

Proud names, once alien far back in the phantom Past, in wealth of *wedding monograms* are wov'n now,
Her golden lyre is strung a-new, and the myrtle-wreath has flushed to fadeless bloom around ERATO'S love-crown'd brow.

Many a Knight chivalric descended of the Blue, is curling purple-cluster'd vineyards (fringed with orange-groves.)
Around the Southern hills, and aisles of richest rose-land vines within whose flow'r-grottoes they wed and live their loves,

And rarest fruits of gold'n-grain'd and white-fleec'd fields, with ripe old orchards tempting, enrich the happy homes they've made *deep* in white magnolia vales of Southland.
And thus, at last, the daughters fair and dusky-eyed of "DIXIE," *have proudly conquer'd the brave invading Knights of Northland.*

An old French proverb, in translation tender, tells that . . . . "Love is potent, but money is omnipotent."
And yet, *Love could wield the lance, where Valor lost her sword! and olden foes can live in peace and sweet content.*

As well hath many a Knight-of-Grey, wander'd North away, and wooed unto his heart and house, a moss-rose Maud or Ora,
And many a sweet fulfilment of love's infinite hopes have cast their bridal-veilings o'er her!

A lovely link along the color-chord, — *souls are woven here* — Blue and Grey is blending beautiful, —
While with wedded hands enclasp'd, they rally round the blood baptiz'd and dear old Flag, all dutiful!

Our British kindred love their Poets' *Blue-and-gold;* but weave for us the broider'd web of *blue-and-grey,*
That securely enclasping the sacred bonds in Love's rosy hands, *United,* journey we alway!

"No matter whatever the task Nature gives,
If the man to his duty yet loftily lives,
The human will weary or faint with its cross.
Though he hears the wild waves in the far future toss,
Will murmur and sigh to play out on the shore,
'Mong rose-shells and pearls and the burden give o'er."
L. R. MESSENGER.

In a warm Southern bower of laurel aud Luxembourg-rose,
Where the spirit of *poesie*, with the crimson camelia oft glows, —
Where dreaming is sweetest, yet querieth the Heart, *Is Love real?* —
Then why, ever wistful, meet we here, no response to the "soul's higher Ideal?"

All day long a Spirit had wooed from the "*mothers*" sweet fancies,
And twin'd round love's rosy statues coronals crimson of poesie's pansies:
All day long, dreaming of faiths that had faded, or hopes that had flush'd,
Ere in anguish had waded, or sorrow the soul's rare vintage had crush'd.

(Wistful all day long), — "*Soft threnodies from soul and brain,* —
(Tristfully, all day) — "*Pierced by an inward thorn of pain*": —
All day long from Thought's enjewel'd shrine broke the subtle soul of Song,
In wistful waiting — *Oh!* HEART, *will hope infinite yield fulfilment ere we journey long?*

So tired was Musa of the Ideals e'en that liv'd in her
song or her pen,
So tired — she cast them aside, for a wooing of daisies
that starrily golden'd the glen, —
Fled awhile from her quaint little haunt of a home —
suburban and sweet,
Where all that is pure and pathetic, that is tender and
beautiful, meet;

Where like a sweet Vesta, stood she priestess, to a
filial love and its duty,
Sweet solace of a mother's silver-hair'd age, — this
dainty, fair one of rare beauty!
One of Nature's Exquisites wrought of infinite soul
and a royalty born,
To suffer and sacrifice, — an immaculate incense of love
on the altars of morn.

But her robes royal just skirted the surf-crested shores
of a rigid Reality,
While betroth'd to art-loves, isolated, and faiths that
were clinging to life's Ideality;
As devotedly dow'ring Duty with Love . . . . "*She
liv'd her life lowly and Poesy grand*" —
(In melodies matchless and sweet,) . . . . "*Swept
her soul-harp with its infinite hand.*"

But, repining sometimes with regret for the lost, mimosa-
soul'd Musa's fond heart was oppress'd,
And like a storm-toss'd flow'r, dash'd with contentions
that shiver'd the shield of its rest!
When e'en . . . . "the soul's charmèd world,"
. . . . where her genius wrought ever profound,

And its Ideals holy, that Beauty with her magical touches had lovingly crown'd ;

Fail'd in fulfilment of promise — responsive and true to her spirit so wistfully calling —
To bring back the hours of bliss, and "*repose of sweet thought*," while roses were fragrantly falling ;
When despairful a-while yearningly went she in search of soul-help and strength to inspire
Sacred incentives to Art, — to bear up the cross and faint not, as she struggled on higher !

'Twas just in the dawn-flush of a roseate earlier-blossoming Spring,
When the sensitive æsthetic soul is plighting betrothal to each lovely thing ;
And a deep warm azure dyed the argently-arching Aprilly-infinite skies,
And many a mossen old cranny was blue with the dream of wild-violet eyes ;

And summery sighs in hushed sweetness cleft the fond fragrance of eve,
As the wheatlets all gold'n, with lilies and myrtles, their love-garlands fairily weave ;
While the spirit of Beauty hath quickened the wolds with a spell
Whose magical charm thrills the soul with a sweetness no singer can tell !

But with climbing the hills, and cleaving the dales, by winding of brooklet and brier,

Diving but deeper the dells a-chime with heathery bells;
then climbing — still climbing up higher, —
In search of the Ihlang-Ihlang, and wood-bine weaving,
at last, like a child grown weary of play,
Art, — still with its power — like a charm drew her
forth, and back to its haunts she wended her way.

. . . . . .

In the heart of the City liv'd an artist renown'd,
ven'rable man with flowing white beard, badge of
his glory;
But the light of the eyes that never grew old, kindled in
a soul rarely gifted, told his life's lovely story: —
Up to the studio — up! mounting higher, Musa blithely
bounded as if wing'd Pegasus-sped —
Up! — long flights of dim-litten stairs — climbing to
reach the Heights where repos'd true Art loves and
unto glory wed.

What a world of light broke upon her there at the
end of the shadowy-stair — light of genius' glowing
flame,
That wreath'd all its idols in a beauty immortal while
they breath'd the proud glory of their grand maker's
name!
In the glowing lingerings of a day so soulfully sunny,
the Gates seem'd ajar, this studio was gain'd;
Where her poet-soul knelt 'mong Art's divine works,
forgetting 'twas dower'd with longings that pain'd;

Knelt
"At the altar of Beauty, where Protean fire
Is left by its Oversouls soaring on higher . . . "

With crimson lips parted, and eyes of eager gaze, she stood in hush'd ecstacy, in the half-dreamy, soft-subdued light
That fell on rarest-wrought works from the beautiful realm of his soul's mystic world, like the stars of an orient night;
As its touches, soft and saintly, swept the infinite harp of her soul with a masterful hand.
Like a daisy blown in dusk of green meadows was this rare haunt of art — Beauty's grotto with sceptre and wand!

Through the hush'd eloquence of the place, swept a mystical sweetness, fragrant of beauty as the creamy richness of Provence roses;
Like the glow in the half-open'd heart of a tea-rose were the visions that crept o'er her senses in that day's tender closes;
Wooing, witching fancies, that breathe forevermore a poesy pure in that rare expression Art.

. . . . . .

A captivated captive in the meshes all golden of this exquisitely radiant reality,
A royal realm, radiating like the sun; Wonder-World, art-wrought of art-ideality!
Half-worshipful — regardent, listen'd Musa to this grand King of Artists, while he told her fitful fragments of a dream
That haunted him still with its mystic revelation so exquisitely supreme.

Divinely to the Beautiful wed — through his dream-world of dreams, to a far-off world he went drifting,
To see . . . "*What myst'ry lies out in the shadowy unknown?*" — where the God of Gifts the anointed are gifting.
And, in this artist's dream, while the magic brush was thrown aside, and the marvelous touch was at rest,
The soul's eyes were open still, looking at the myst'ries impearl'd beyond the shores of Time with the Blest.

On — far on through the shadow-world of Dreams, went he in search of truth; on, on to the phantom studio
Of an artist long dead, — *who liveth yet*, to the spiritual studio of Italy's idol, the great Correggio; —
Who, (lifted above Envy and Earth) *reveal'd the secret of his art to the Dreamer who sought him*,
And show'd the wond'ring eyes his inimitable palette from which the beauty immortal of Earth-life had wrought him.

Correggio's secret, he said, lay in colors, of which he employ'd *but few* in the rare execution of art,—

. . . . . .

"I dream'd," said the artist, "that I visited the studio of Correggio: I saw nothing I had not before seen,
Save, some *rare combinations*, that make *one marvellous perfect*, of what sev'ral lovely separates had been: —
Besides, Correggio went on, "I have done all I can do on Earth: I am painting still; and as I've done with the Earth-life,
I will give you my secret. It lies simply in my own — *my very own* method of coloring, and you must study *true life*. —

To *enter into the soul* of the object, — and with the true artist-touch, woo it forth to *look on* and *speak to* beholders!

There must be no striking or fully defin'd outlines; — but that you may crown with glory your work, and gather Reward of Endeavors —

All the beautifully blending tints that melt imperceptably into each other, floating dream-like away in the shaddowy background,

Should be so artistically treated in their delicate gradation, that there is no telling where the one begins, and the ending of the other is found.

Now, I make you master of my secret? — See?" . . . and I saw him mix his enchanted palette of colors simple and few: —

And, little Musa, (your spirit poetic comprehends the things that the unanointed do not), — as *Correggio told it to me, so will I tell it to you!'*

. . . . . .

Thus honor'd above elders and erudites, in this proudful privilege conferr'd of the venerable artist whose genius she rever'd,

She learn'd *the secret too sacred to disclose*, — saw him, too, mix the magic palette of colors, — that lost art and long, *so mysteriously recover'd* —

Colors so incomparable from which he still and daily wooes those creations so rare of inimitable beauty.

. . . . . .

In the tender hushes of the dying day, Musa found her home, the wee pretty cottage she'd christen'd "DAISY-WILD,"

And all in the tenderest mood of fond expectant love, her mother awaited, at the vine-wreath'd vestibule, for the coming of her child,

The never-omitted kiss of greeting, and the laughing love-light of the tender grey eyes of her mother made query, with her words ; —

"Ah, Musa, my love, what kept you so long ? found you in your ramble some blossoming nook too bewitching ? or City-ward, some art-love, my bird ?"

"*I've been in search of the* BEAUTIFUL, *ma mère*, and I went dreaming too long, from my precious ma-ma! but I've brought you some treasure

To suffice you, Sweetheart! — *There ?*" and with other caresses and kisses that seal'd the affection sincere between them, the girl shower'd upon her a liberal measure

Of flowers her ramble had garner'd, and fruits from the tropics she'd purchas'd for that mother who unforgotten ever,

Filled the sacredest place in her heart, being heir to the best of her loves, her longings, and wishes that crown'd her with their all, and forever !

"Besides I've some rare things to tell you, pet mamma ;" said Musa, enthusiastically throwing herself down beside her, as across the fond lap the girl's arms were folded in rest, —

(Her old child-way endearing, never forgotten, and never reprov'd, and no wisdom of womanhood, nor dignity of elegant demeanor could win her from love's winning ways that so richly their home-life had blest).
And then, with all the warm Greek love of Art that thrill'd her young soul, she told the strange story of her recent rare lesson in learning,
Touch'd with the tenderness of her fancy's own tintings, and the genius-wrought gods of her Minerva-fir'd brain, told her spirit's high, and infinite yearning.

With the studio-visions painted in all the rich hues of her wealth of word-colors, — and the artist's strange Dream to her listening fond mother, retold, —
(Wooed by the manifest interest that glow'd in the speaking grey eyes, with their light-dimplings all eloquent with the praises they e'er for Musa hold),—
She wander'd far down the rosy-aisles and nave of the Temple of Art, where Thought, Soul, and Genius may wander and welcome, and each statue starts up to greet thee with Art's holy kiss, and their story : . . .
" Using really but three, a rare *Trinity-Color*," she declar'd, " and from which he wooes all the wonderful tints that crown all his works with an aureate glory.

O ! that charming gradation of carnation or warm tints ! those infinite middle or cool tints ! — lovely shadings and exquisite half-shadings,
Combining their wonderful charms to complete the Perfections he leaves on every creation he touches, with no flaw in the beauty that defies the tarnish of Time and its fadings !

. . . . . .

Soul-full of art-loves a-dream in the fine eyes, whose shadowy depths their beautiful myst'ries hinting, glow'd like the heart of a flower,

As the artist pridefully pointed to sev'ral fine portraits just finish'd, life-like and grand in their lovely perfection of touch, and of tint in rich dower.

"*Those*, I've just painted,' he said, 'after many experiments, and the secret late taught me in that dream by my favorite master, Correggio;

It's a new and beautiful method, of which *I alone* am master now, — as the creations I shall woo to my canvas shall attest, as they go out to the world from the heart of my studio:

After thirty years wedded to my art, sixteen years of tireless experimenting, and the dawn of that *dream*, at last I've produc'd a portrait that, (*connoiseurs* have marvel'd,)—

For durability, execution, color, soulful expression and perfection of finish, I may be pardon'd, child, for believing is unrival'd!'

How soulfully, mother, I studied the faces upon whose *animated* features softly flow'd the dawn-light of the studio, like an Aurora of art!

They were *real men* who looked upon me there with all that *natural grace*, and symmetry, and soulful expression that touches the heart,

That steps out from the canvas to greet one with a smile, a tear, a heart-throb, anything answering the heart or a soul would thrill to another!

That *fullness of life* that distinguish'd Correggio's gods,
Graces, nymphs, and goddesses, *surprisingly grand*,
were they, mother;
Executed with that rare felicity this artist alone can woe
to his touch, — the subjects appealing to the artist's
own soul of life,
Flush'd with deep feeling for grace and the expression
of tender and soulful emotion. Simply marvellous in
depicting '*glorious life:*' —

Bold, easy, and full of that *breathing* and *speaking life*
we so long to perpetuate! Then the manifold beauties
of color!
Wonderful flesh tints so warm and animated with the
gleam of a soul, so beautifully ideal, and yet so start-
lingly real of fervor!
So tender and true, that one can almost see the rise and
fall of the crimson heart-tide beneath, and feel the soft
touch of a hand that one knows,
The kisses of fond lips that love us, or the *glow of sweet*
life on the velvety cheek warm and fresh as the
blush of a full Damask rose.
But the crowning glory of his work, is his rare capacity
of painting the *soul's expression*, — calling to you,
appealing to you,—
Speaking to you through ev'ry glowing feature, telling
its passions, its loves, its hatreds; pain, pride, pleasure
beams upon you,
In the soul-light that falls smiling, rippling and dimpling
through the soulful blue, bonnie brown, or diamond
black eyes that *look their thoughts* wherever you
turn! —

The æsthetic, mysterious, and indescribable art of grasping and fixing *feeling* there in its varied and immortal beauties that holily burn —

That *soulful something* between Earth and Heaven, endearing us to the one, and leading us onward and upward to the other, as tender and belov'd.

You want the portrait of a lov'd, and may-be a lost one! you do not want merely a painted representative of what you once lov'd —

A statuesque form and face void of all feeling or expression, hanging a dumb mockery ever before you — a voiceless blank —

With no answering look of love, no sympathetic gleam of the soul that answers to your spirit's cry, while no echo the canvas sends back!

But your heart cries out for the old love — for a face with every lov'd feature your soul has kist, leaving the glow of love encrimson'd upon it! —

With fond lips ready to speak their approval, soft hands touching but tenderly, ready to enclasp you in love's jewelled circlet;

And proud tender eyes that follow you lovingly all about the room, just as they did in the sweet Long Ago, ready to laugh, or to weep with you yet,

To support and strengthen — love and encourage you ever — with heart unto heart, and soul to soul thrilling, as no other has ever lov'd you yet!

As involuntarily you hold out eager arms to enclasp that lov'd *memory*, the while it seems glowing and animated, stepping out from the gilded frame that haloes its beauty, to greet you.

While gazing enchanted on these lovely creations, for creations they are, one dreams of Correggio's masterpiece, the ASSUMPTION, coming up to meet you
With mem'ries infinite: and again exclaiming with Titian as he utter'd when first he beheld the great work:— . . . . . '*If I were not* TITIAN *I would be* CORREGGIO!'—
So, with a loyal heart unto art, I declare, *if I could not be a* CORREGGIO, *fain would I be a* VAN STAVOREN!— that King of modern Artists, crown'd with the glory that gleams from his studio!

A marvelous Master so reticent and modest that the world knows comparatively little of his grand triumphs in modern Art:
Half-unconscious of his own power, with an unenvious and amiable disposition, benovolent and art-loving heart,
As the sweetness of expression that overdawns like a roseate dream, every inch of canvas his enchanted brush touches, so fully attests;
While, 'content in the practice of his art, and for his art,'— paving the way for the Anointed to follow and gather the highest and holiest of Art's best, —

'A golden way for the Beautiful
United to the True:'—

Rather than alone for Fame's immortality! After so long enjoying the happy reality, the result of his genius and experience,
Will the World credit him with the *invention of the*

beautiful Rembrandt, over which it has so long rav'd,
— that picture of preëminence?
And (as I believe), the lovely Ivory-type? and for the
grand triumph of painting *life-size portraits from ordi-*
nary photos and old faded daguerreotypes? —
Will the World deny him his own, still, because this
modest man, in æsthetic-love with the ideal beautiful,
his art's highest types,

Retiring to his studio, that grotto of glory, cares little
what the world prattles of; while his finely-fibre'd art-
ist-soul is too sensitively proud to pencil a name
That should be immortal, on the corner of every piece
of canvas that his art glorifies and crowns unto future
fame.
You who have ostentatiously and greedily gather'd the
laurels to enwreath an unworthy brow, yield them to
their rightful owner,
That, in the triumph of truth, Genius glorified may go
on to heights unattain'd, — of art-work and life-work,
— a royal prize-winner!

Yet — the crowning triumph of this great inventive
Genius, is just within his grasp, and ere long, will
come forth like a new star arisen,
To startle a wondering and admiring world, with its
triumph so signal, with its glory of art modern, with
naught of the counterfeit bedizen!
Yet I've no right, mother, to trespass farther on this art-
holy ground, but shall wait with the world, to behold
the grandest triumph Art hath yet known —

When fill'd with the wonder of all he has done, each heart with its tribute shall throb, 'till it thrills to the tongue with its praise, and Fame shall surrender the Crown to its Own!

Like Correggio — his favorite spirit-master — by 'force of his individual genius, he has created a manner entirely original,
In which movement, variety, and the most delicate gradation of light and shadow, are the principal element,' — rare in its purity so virginal:
And has . . . . 'carried the art of chiaroscuro to a perfection equalling that attained by Michel Angelo in form, and Raphael in expression;
Or by Giorgione and Titian in color;" — and all that's beautiful to grasp or conceive he has wreath'd in aureola about all that's within his artistic possession!

Says Fuseli, of Rubens — 'He compounded from the splendor of Paul Veronese and the glow of Tintoretto that florid system of manner'd magnificence
Which is the element of his art, and the principle of his school:' — So, Van Stavoren has compounded from the *splendor* of his own radiant originality — (Beauties preëminence),—
And the *glow* of Correggio, a rich combination of congenial beauty, the result of which is a free and serene loveliness of form and expression, —
A magnificent representation of life, realizing what Keugler calls — 'the glorification of earthly existence,' — and all that he touches is of this a mute confession.

O the magic charm of his color, and the cheerful serenety of his style! the vigor, and beauty, and soul pervading life,

With which he invests each object that glows under his true artistic touch, — lifted supremely above ordinary art-strife! —

Proving the wonderful mastery he holds o'er his art, — daily developing new beauties and grand possibilites that await the true grasp

Of those who aspire, and upward struggle to the Heights where are hoarded the treasures of Art's *Ultima Thule*, cast about with Genuis' jewell'd clasp!

His *faces* have a mingled expression of dignity, tenderness, and grace, which are inimitable! His fondness for *life — expression — soul*, pervades all his work:

His power and command over the stronger contrasts of light and shadow—through all the foldings of draperies — flutings of columns — or cragwilds of rock where the Beautiful lurk, —

Are simply mircaulous, and their delicate gradations are so fine, that the . . . . . 'shadows seem mutable and aërial, as if between the eye and the colors,'

Melting and flowing into each other like the dreamful glowings of a Sicilian dawn, or a tropic sunset, the which a Ruskin-soul had caught the flame of the flaming colors!

Ay, he paints *life* in its varied splendor, giving each piece or object its *distinct and personal character*, — a *decided originality*, beautiful as 'tis overpowering.

I beheld there a gallery of grandeur, — every piece of which a *cognoscente* might justly style an exquisite *chef-d'œuvre* of rich dowering.

O! mother, I claim to be no connoisseur, but I know the *Beautiful* however glorified, and recognize the radiant gleam of a soul,

Or touch of tenderness in tint, or tone, or light or shade, — slumbering in eyes of fathomless depths, or trembling on lips that murmur of love's infinite soul.

Animated and striking was this rare and attractive group of unrival'd portraiture, — the colors all glowing while, Titian-like, the light flow'd in artistic splendor

Around that marvelous group, in every gradation of tone, — a mutely eloquent proof of the inimitable brush of that master-hand of touches so tender, —

That wrought among Ideals and Reals, where royal Genius left her touch, while Art told her triumph! Faces? oh! there were heads of senatorial dignity, —

Statesmen, poets, and priests, *much-a-do's*, and merchants, all mix'd with rose-bud childhood, and glorified womanhood in lovely benignity!

Artistically grouped side by side, as in life they uncongenially jostle each other, while a-down life's winding-wild pathway they go,

Some to the *plodding material mostly*, some to the *ludicrous*, and others to *lucre* are wed, some to the Real, and others unto the Ideal in the light of Infinity's glow!

The men, — who are men, are crown'd with the dignity true of majestic manhood; while his females all *blume* with the glow of a beauty that's happy in the consciousness of life, —

And all seem at peace with the world, having put the dread contest aside, and won the repose of a rest that knoweth nor contention nor strife.

The gentleman who, on entering this studio, involuntarily extended his hand to greet, as he thought, an old friend, whose life-size portrait stood facing the entrance,

(Thus paid the artist a high and deserv'd compliment), — and discovering his mistake stood in wondering bewilderment, while the beauteous place held his rapt senses in loveliest trance, —

Still reminding one here of those rival Greek artists, Zeuxis and Parrhasius, who, good-natur'd, used frequently to enter into contest,

To decide the professional superiority of one o'er the other — or who was of Genius most belov'd — or wrought, who, the grandest of art, and the best?

Zeuxis painted a basket full of grapes with such exquisite truth to fond Nature, that the birds unaware, flew to the painting and endeavor'd to eat of the fruit — *so tempting they were!* —

Parrhasius, all know, painted a linen cloth or drap'd curtain, hanging in natural folds; and so successfully wrought he the work — and so rare,

That Zeuxis, on being taken before it, requested the artist to remove the cloth and show him his painting — eager no doubt for the truth; —

But, on being made aware of the artistic deception, exclaim'd, "You have conquer'd, Parrhasius — I misled birds, but you have deceiv'd an artist!" — an art-anointed, ay, from his youth!

Much hath been said, and some written, of the greatly admir'd portrait of little Cameo Litton, painted by my great modern Master, —
And yet I doubt me not, that many incapable of doing more, have simply admir'd the innocent beauty of the child, and the *posing* in which he hath cast her,
With no thought of yielding to the artist the fame-en-jewel'd crown that should gleam above his brow, — for this lovely creation hath wrought —
Hath wrought he from fathomless soul-depths his own, with touches artistic that leave their immortal impress but in beauty and color-sculptur'd thought!

The face is Raphælistic and Madonna-like in its dreamy and sweet-pathetic beauty; with its dreamful blue-eyes, tender dimpling chin, and kiss-provoking mouth,
(An æsthetic-rose blooming rare and uncrush'd in the garden of glories that blossom unfading neath the glow of his art's balmy South,) —
With the warm light falling so glowful and rippling like the sunrise-of-summer gilding the long browny curls that halo her like a saint,
Then, the shadowy folds of the drapery and laces ethereal there, all attesting the tender and infinite touch of that marvellous master-hand casting *Immortals* in paint!

There's the foliage luxuriant o'erhanging in shadeful florescence, — the ivies all drooping with the wax'n mesembryanthemums dripping all dew-glow'd and fresh

From the vase so artistically fluted that no handling of Envy, no carping of Critic its flawless Florentine beauty can crush, or its eloquent praises can hush!

A tastefully-arrang'd basket of daises, feathery ferns, with roses and blossoming wild-blue-eyed beauties, dares to rival the moss-rose-buds just falling from the perfectly infantile hand, —

Fair and infinite as the visions that rise like the castles-of-cloudland, or the fancies that flow to the waving of a fairy's intangible wand!

But ah! that marble hall! 'I dream'd I dwelt in marble halls!' a gleam of artistic glory floods the perfectly executed tesselated floor,

With all the delicate veinings of the marble intricate and lovely as if Nature herself had pencilled them there, while Genius flung wide, to welcome Art, her pearl-panel'd door.

There's a broad park beyond, luxuriant in tropical shrubery, rising boldly above the massive-wrought balustrade, — and is Nature in an ample light —

All her tender tintings glowing with that delicacy of life that defies description here, and bears immortal blooms exempt from mortal blight!

While the dreamlike floating clouds are heavenly in their hues, drifting o'er the loveliest landscape back-ground, flush'd with the freshness and fullness of luxuriant life,

Combin'd with the æsthetic touch of high art, that lifts her Koh-i-Noor-crown far above the mutilating multitudes surging below in maddened struggles of strife.

. . . . . .

But the Peerless of the Place — the god of the Studio, is the infantile son of the artist — a sweetly poetic-nam'd Ossian — a veritable Cupid all dimpled in charm, —

The sweet, earnest child-face so expression-full of a sad artist-soul, the sun-beam hair clustering about the white brow, so goldenly warm,

The tender dimpling of chin — and of fingers, — curling lips sweet and poetic as a rose-bud, and intense azure-eyes that look one's soul through;

While the perfect anatomy of the symmetrical Cupid-limbs, and the tiny nude foot half-immers'd in a basin of water, through

Which the flesh gleams still as sculptur'd marble, yet with wonderful animation — telling in eloquence mute the masterful hand that had wrought them, —

. . . . . .

A dark green curtain flowing down in the most artistic folds, forms a background, with a fleck of etherial cloudlet, throwing the lovely child-figure into beautiful relief:

One has only to look, to see the glowing artist-soul of the grand artist-father, in the dreamy look intense, of this darling budding Laurel-Leaf! —

This sweet true Child of Art, who scarce hath told his tripple summers, sketches boldly from nature, and his own original conceptions.

Seeing an object novel to his childish comprehensions, knowing neither its *name*, or its *use*, he *describes it to his parents by drawing it*,—(one of Genius' rare exceptions!)

. . . . . .

And yet the gifted owner of this treasure-house of Art-glory, in this day of unappreciative Shoddyism, hasn't all that he should of an immortal name,

Simply because he is too grand of spirit to pander to ye Dukes of the Dime, too proud and manfully modest to employ *gas to illuminate*, and trumpeters to herald, his fame!

There is no Emperor to load him with honors and rewards, as Charles V. did Titian: Too true, it, alas! that Genius neglected cries out in her want, while Ignorance is ermin'd and crown'd!—

Goes worthy but wistful by the way all the Beautiful go —yet yearning for sympathy sweetly æsthetic — seeking love's treasure in prodigal measure, where only pale mockeries are found.

But untiring, with *faith in fulfilment*, as the years drift him by, he dips his inimitable brush enchanted of diamondèd genius,

Deep in the gold-light of Art, deep in the flower-glowing mystical heart of God's Beautiful, and from the infinitely fathomless depths of that Genius,

Wooes he those lovely creations to his imperishable canvas, haloing his life with the radiance rare of unfading Art-glory,

That ere long shall burst in bewilderment of beauty upon the soul of a world then delighting to honor Art's Ideals enwreath'd with the fame of his tender life-story!

Ah! *sad*, as *'tis true*, that ev'ry life deified with genius, mostly for that part, goes longing through life for that sympathy and understanding, which rarely they win — or win never!

Yet — oh! Man of Dreams! Anointed of Artists, keep thy pure purpose set sternly toward your art's holy ideal, and win all you wish by sacred endeavor.

For though there may be wanting in life's prosy realities, that unattainable, impossible true, which your great soul is so wistfully yearning for,

There is that which is greater, the rare realities that Jean Paul yearn'd for in his dreaming, the embodied dreams that your own spirit 's burning for —

Glorified and embodied Ideals that glow with deathless beauty in the veil'd studio of your Correggio in his dawn-full spirit-world of the gold'n Over-There:

All, and more than all you are wistful of awaits you with jewelled crown and imperishable reward, with treasure no mortal hath seen, for life's Workers who hallow their work with faith, and with pray'r!

For the God of Infinity and Glorified Love, crowns no soul here with the Glory of Genius, but unto some holiest purpose that ultimate grows into graces supernal;

And the Faithful who unto that Purpose have lovingly

wrought, shall rapturously gather reward, and, crown'd with laurels unfading, shall Live in the glow of His Beautiful Eternal!"

. . . . . .

While Musa had talk'd on of Art and its Workers—and her fond mother loving had listen'd,—the Twilight had silently slipt into evening

And Evening, in love with the Night, had wrought her a coronet of stars and crowning her Queen of the Continent, on her fair brow its saintliest kisses were leaving.

Suddenly, just as a joy, a grief, or surprise, flash'd a hint in the light of the tender grey eyes, and the hands that had sooth'd all her life, held a late notelet before her;

"'*In search of the Beautiful*,' eh?" the mother was smiling the query—"*you found it*, my sweet one, I'm sure: but see! I've *other* here for you!" and the thrill of *surprise* flash'd o'er her

As she look'd at the crème-tinted billet: unfolding like a wide-open rose, a cloth-of-gold-petal'd and perfum'd from stamen to stem.

The dusky eyes lost all their dream-glow sudden as flashing of flame when summer clouds are cleft by still lightning, and their light was the glow of an Orient gem!

A picture fell out—sliding from the folds, just as a friend of mood merry might slip of a sudden from a hedge or a hiding to startle with sweetest surprise.

But lo! 'twas that of a stranger — a brave handsome face, wide-open and stamp'd with the *signet of soul*; — and Musa in a moment was dreaming, *what color, perchance, were the eyes?*

But the brow was the Throne of high Thought, and *that* well sufficed her (this girl of fastidious tastes), for violet, for black eyes, for grey, or for brown;

(And with a serio-comic air, with a dignified bow that provok'd a gay laugh from "*ma mère*," she paid her *devoir* to the stranger), for *that Thought-seal, to her was credential for a Crown!*

The reading of the *face*, as of *wording*, was rapid by the light of those eyes, and the smile that was curling the sensitive lips, told her mother that Musa was pleas'd;

And the half-pain or *pique* that had pierced the proud heart through the waiting of months to know the fate of her flowers, at last with proud praises was appeas'd.

(For, seiz'd with desire to test her own powers, or to win a new proof of her genius, Musa had ventur'd to launch on the literary high-tide of Northland, her flow'r-deck'd boatlet, —

Had sent to this stranger, a Reviewer renown'd, a bouquet of fresh PARMA VIOLETS, pale pansies enwrought of fond *poesie*; — and received now reward of rare merit — assurances sweet, in this notelet.—

. . . . . .

For her pansies had blossom'd, though late, to shed their rare fragrance on the world; they were publish'd, and

Musa was honor'd to see them enflushing like a *fleur de lis* the front of his "BANNER":

For a copy in print the *billet* had brought for companion, and the fair Southland author could divine their estimate of her art-work, as her waiflet confirm'd in this royal manner.)

The notelet 's perfum'd? Aye! sweet with the "*subtile aroma of genius!*" and Musa's fine senses were quick to detect it, — inhaling its fragrance delighted, —

As proudly she gather'd the laurels that unto her crowning it yielded, and then with the zest of a soldier, seiz'd the challenge of contest it so archly invited.

She longed to commune with the gifted: she'd *tourney* with the tender of thought, and cross swords with the brave who'd *dare to declare an opinion* —

She would take up the gauntlet, and gird on her jewell'd Excalibur to do battle with this Northland Apollo, and see *who* should win the diamondèd dominion? —

Ay—(if *ma mere*, and good Dr. Royal thought *prudent*), she would write him a thank — dare a girlish reply: *refined correspondence was rare*, — The fathom-line of Thought she would drop to the Depth of his Power —

(Interwoven with broidering of *badinage* and woofings of wit,) — *diving thus for the pearls the costlier rubies might find, then* like a Mary would sit at the feet of her faith's new redeemer, learning wisdom in wealth of its dower.

'Twould be but an innocent incentive, — Purity trustful of Valor, — or Genius unto Genius its ripe gold'n sheaflets would bring, a *something* to look for, to strive for, and win, —

A refin'd recreation, — or charm-work to chase away care when *poesie* and practice grew palling — when headaches and heartaches were synonymous, and *hope deferred* yielded no prizes to win,

And the æsthetic spirit is wistful of something to answer with *Ideal*, while fate is denying the soul its cherish'd and deified *Real!* and Matter-of-Fact is crushing the roses of Fancy,

And the rare golden wine that sparklingly beaded the jewelled chalice of Hope, was fragrant with promise as the visions that dawn o'er the dreamings of roseate infancy.

"Singular, singular!" half-aloud murmur'd this Musa, as if thought over thought like the foldings of rose-leaves were pressing for open expression, —

"Surely it savors of Blackstone! 'Attorney-at-Law,' — 'German Consultations,' enwreathing the poetic name 'WILLIS ——,' christening this limb of the *Legal*, a popular profession!

Ah! an author, reviewer, and barrister? triple-crowned, bright, and bejewelled, cleaving his way to the stars. —with now an original, then a brilliant *critique* of new works, or an exhaustive judicial research or lengthy debate of the Law, —

(While perchance before him is glitt'ring ever the goal of an ardent ambition — the royal Crown judicially jewell'd of Chief-Justiceship, —) Grant, O, ye Powers! that a closer communion discover no flaw

In this character so seemingly unexceptionable now, of

laurels *judicial* and *literary* twining their bright immortelles in a coronal crowning his grand '. . . Thaumaturgic brow of Thought.'

With fascinating transition, sudden as sweet, see how he . . . . 'heaps the altars with gifts,' . . . . from the royalties recounted, to the metrical flowing of some tender *translation* of the Classics enwrought!

Hear him tell his invaluable friendship for us? "*I have ever had a warm heart for the Southern people. . . . . In my years of Editorial work, I have ever extended a brotherly hand*

To the brave hearts of the South. I hope Southern genius will come to the fore and dazzle the world!" What a spirit of grandeur! what a hope for the future of our beautiful land!

List! — ah, the noble! — "*You have excellent newspapers; you should have peerless magazines, and a literature that would cast into the shade the cold and barren literature of* NEW ENGLAND; . . . . . .

Your sunny clime, your heroic deeds, your fervid imaginations and warm hearts, should supply that which is wanting in the less fervid soul, born of the calmer, colder clime of our Northland."

Remember, *ma mère*, the dainty FLORA-BELLS I culled of my fancy (exclusively) for him, and sent them long after the VIOLETS, to chime the triumphant unfurling of his triple starred "BANNER?"

Then wist thou, my bonny belov'd, the sweetness their fragrance exhaled o'er his soul, or the rare *dolcemente* their swaying awoke in the tenderest manner?

Hark, to the echoes! . . . . "Fair Southland Musa (for *fair thou must be*, though unseen). Your fervid and complimentary notelet, as well as your charming *poema*, 'FLORA-BELLS,' receiv'd not many days ago.

I have read the poem with critical care, and must say I am pleas'd with its beauty. Without wishing to flatter you — we knightly sons of Adam are designated great flatt'rers (you know)

Among the fair daughters of Eve (to appropriate your own vivid figure), — I say it contains many meritorious points. The metre is pleasing to the ear, the figures are exquisitely conceived,

The language is pure, and the sentiment excellent, crowning a name that deathless shall be, with flowers fragrant and fadeless of the Daphne-odora enwreathed.

Bonnily on the breeze that flutters the 'BANNER,' it shall wave, while copies as compliment I'll waft thee with reward of crown-praises;

For royally, *Musé, God has lit up your soul*, and your genius hath blossomed richly and rare into flowers of *poesie* pure as the whiteness that rays the gold disks of the daisies!

You, commendably, ask'd the unbias'd opinion of a critic, a stranger, whose heart thrills not with the preferences partial to a personal friend, regarding the merit of them.

Your sweet FLORA-BELLS, which *I believe to be of sufficient merit to meet the eye of the critic you adopt*

as your 'PATRON-SAINT,' as it were. Fear not: *Savans* will class it *pure gem!*"

. . . . . .

Then followed advices at length, manly and courageously directing the way that leads onward and upward to the Heights where glitters the goal of ambition;

And ventur'd at last to appoint her a subject — LUNARIA — to crown with the stars of her genius, the while she might gather rare flowers to garland her *poesie's* mission;

Thus gallantly closing the rose-leafed *billet* that so sweetly perfumed all the Present, enfolding the germ of rare promise that hope would expand into florals of a radiant reality,

As encouraging assurances coming from the gifted and great, was incentive as sweet as genius could ask for, while it flows to fulfilment of faith's ideality.

"You will pardon my particular interest in your behalf, being a stranger, *Musé?* Your lines have mov'd my thoughts *more* than you can divine,

And if I'm indiscreet in return, you'll forgive, as hope we to be all forgiv'n? and in all that I *may do* to aid you, to write your proud name among the stars, I am thine!

At a time more propitious I hope to commence where I left off, when I bespeak from you and your friends the aid of your genius — as, I repeat, *God has lit up your soul.*

Send me your photo, if not asking too much? that a

wish be unto me gratified while truth lifts the veil that covers the face my soul 's so wistful of seeing that fancy hath lost her control."

. . . . . .

"*My photo?*" Musa conclusively queried. "What could he want with a pair of earnest midnight eyes wistful in the fitful light of a brok'n dream? or the sensitive lips ever curling with smiles or with tears?" . . .

For Musa but late, then, had fought a dread battle with Death and hard-won, had conquer'd disease at the cost of her doctor's learn'd skill and mother-love watchful beside her in tears;

And the loss of her roses, and roundness, precluding the possibility of a "sitting" just now;—and the likeness of old, three years ago crown'd, this fastidious girl suffic'd not;

For a coiffure, or corsage grown *passé* was out of the question to send to this Northland Apollo; hence, he never may know the *why* the requested *retratto* in answer came not.

. . . . . .

Mimosa-hearted Musa of the sunny-souled South! Laurel crown'd Willis, an Apollo of the calm-eyed brave-hearted North! And thus, beneath the classic shades of *posie's* proudest Parnassus

Their souls hath congenially met, and the joy that thrill'd through their greeting was white with purity and sweet as the swaying of the Nymphæa-lotus,—for 'twas

Genius enamor'd of *Genius*, alike the enamor'd Narcissus! —

(Was ever there LAUREL beneath whose proud glow no budlet of MYRTLE its fragrance dare blow?) How many a Cophetua-soul'd King hath turn'd from the rose-white fascination of some royal *Victoria-regia* whose homage a world delighteth to do;

Proudly to crown as his peeress some sweet modest maiden *Mignonette*, whose fragrance *exhaling only for its King*, should embalm and perfume all his life, hallow'd with its purity so peerless and true!

. . . . . .

With a sweet Madonna-look of intense sincerity, Musa was saying: — "O, belov'd mother! *If only God would anoint me for the work? If Wisdom Infinite might flow to my pen as it flow'd once to Solomon's pray'r?* —

While I take up my cross bravely to bear it and upward to the Heights *Lunaria*-crown'd, where Immortality glows in the Light of God's smile, supremely approved and unfadingly fair! —

Then — beloved one, might I hope, joyfully at last, to restore you — (*sweet dream of my life*) — to the comfort and happiness that were yours, ere Fortune had fled us, or Hope had deceiv'd us!

Ere the royality of Love close wedded to wealth that enwrought the proud Crest of our House had faded: — or our life's rosy morn had burn'd into noon, and the noon had gone down in the night when Death with his scythe had bereav'd us.

"Oh! *if I might win! what should not be yours, that my love could avail you!*" exclaimed the sweetly unselfish, fond Musa, with tears half unshed trembling like faceted diamonds in the beautiful eyes, —

As the mother-arms lovingly enclasp'd her, baptizing her mutely with love's fondest kisses, "*Not for me*, but *yourself* my *precious one*, I would that you win the proud gain, and the glory of a fame that never dies!

And God will yet give you the Crown, He will lead you to the light, if sincere you ever shall be to deserve it! Christ's love, my child, can render you worthy, *and thus anointed and hallow'd you ever shall win!*"

And thus enfolded in love's tender arms, with the light of sweet hope in their hearts, *these lone remaining two and devoted*, of a once lordly house and long line, sat crown'd with the stars of the ev'ning, *rich in the royalty of their love*, as though no misfortune nor bereavement had been!

For, pathetic truth to tell, a Fortune that's fickle had dealt rather cruel with Musa and mother, — and the Reaper had gathered their lov'd ones, 'till — (to endeavor and fail, or do battle and triumph) *only they two had been left;*

As through the decline of their joys — a-down the long scale of their sorrows — athwart the dim vale of their tears baptizing the flight of the years, — of friends, or affluence, *of all save each other and God's love bereft*,

While — (how rarely a hero with heel or with helmet invulnerable, springs up to do battle for INNOCENCE *disrobed* of her *Dividends!*) nor knight — nor yet champion now bravely defended —

But only their powerful pride, and irreproachable purity of life and of purpose did for them valiant battle, as with trophies that richly begarland'd their *Arches de Triomphe,* they'd bravely from the plush-tufted, *ormolu'd* mansion, to a rose-crown'd Cottage descended.

. . . . . .

In the hush of the Cottage *boudoir*— by the still steady glow of an "astral," and the breath of the flowers exhaling sweet dreams of the tropics, — while the pictures were smiling their silent approval,

A fair en-flush'd face, with its deep Minerva-look and Venus-soul, was bending earnest eyes upon the mute pictur'd features of a pair of most perfect card-photos, (an open album near by attesting *one fair face the less,* by removal.

The *vignettes* were faces of Musa, and her new gifted friend — the famed WILLIS : — his, a proud, open face, bespeaking a brave, tender heart : her's—of a passion-flower soul — *triste* and wistful, and full of purity peerless and fragrant as a flow'r ! —

And while the infantile contour was tender and touching with a sweetness of expression that won you, — still there was that which thrill'd deeper, in the something that whisper'd of *power!*

Holding them close — as *comparing* — a rich-red ottar-hearted rose sudden had fallen from the perfumed and crimped dusky tresses of her hair, thrusting its beauty, like a rival, between them ;

As if it would cleave them apart, and woo them to trust but its own crimson heart, or like a fond friend with

caution caressing, would warn them — "O! trust not the charm of a closer communion; *hearts may offer rare gifts to find no returning!* (from that saddest of fates would I screen them.)

'*Only a rose is between us!*' — I ween you are thinking fair lady, and your pure heart is dreaming, perchance — 'Why not brush the blushing petals, that thrust all their sweetness between us, away —

And lay my wistful face, trustful and endearing against the manly heart that's heaving its fount encrimson'd of truth against the fond shores of love's sweetness, and rest me at last in the dawn of a day

That shall goldenly glide on forever, while with hopes all fulfilled and joy complete I may quaff e'er the cup of the nectarin'd reality my soul is so wistful of now?'

Ah! sweet lady, your faiths may be pure as the petals of those white-hearted lilies that waxenly sculpture the vase there, — and the *laurels* the *proudest* whose glory begirts now *his* brow, —

Yet the sweet *myrtles* your fancy now twineth with the *daphnes* that dewily adorn thy own brow, may wither in the breath of a scorn — or pining for the touch of tender hands, grow sadder than thy young life is now, though breav'd — (still 'tis brighten'd with hope)."

Now Musa was kissing the rose 'till she crush'd it, — now she was laughing at the winsome wiseacre, at such a wee rose-lipp'd prattler, — and then she re-plac'd her own picture in the album whose gift-clasp'd lids awaited wide ope'.

"O you prating 'old fogy' of a rose! you've broken your own heart upon me, and I've drank all the sweetness of your soul, and given you kisses for kisses; and yet you would have me the rest of the world ever doubting,

As even *ma mère*, and our dear Doctor too, I ween, would endorse you! Ah, well! *you all three are older, tried friends and true*, and may-be no treasure I'll lose by some little prudent redoubting: —

Yet, looking up *to that face* so grand and august in in the glow of its laurels, why may I not covet his praises, and win them? Think you, Rose, that *Fame* is yet truer than *Love* in its troth-plight? —

And if I *should win*, and, fairest, a fame-bride be crown'd, would the queen of such a high diamondèd throne, with the realm of a World to do homage, be the happier if Love took his flight?

Very well: — I can wait, and time will discover the secrets now hidden: I'll toil, if Toil at last takes the Triumph, and when on the Heights I am thron'd, and hold the fame-sceptre serene, —

Far up in the cloud-land so cold that no flower can brook its chill breath, and a white statue marks the place of Love's early death, — I'll ask my heart, *then*, if *I, Crowned*, am *happier* than the *queen of a cot*, far below in the roses, I had seen?

And — *then* if I find, *all too late*, that I mistook the true way, and won the lesser prize, wilt thou, too, oh! Rose, turning with thy tenderest touches 'till life's latest breath, tauntingly tell me — *Too late! ah, too late!*'

Ay! 't would be but the way of the world that would lead us, and turn us from the true, when we win not the Which we have wrought for, — to falsely abandon us to the desolate doom of such a dread fate!

Yet withal — there is hope of Hereafter: *Somewhere*, I may meet my Apollo, a-down the sweet vales amaranthine that bloom all along the bright shores of that beautiful Forever,

And *then*, *I may tell him* — he *then* may *understand* how *Souls*, *Here*, *may rev'rence each other*, *without the courtly clasping of hands;* and how he had help'd me win *something*, — (though love I had lost, in Ambition's endeavor.) "

Then soon in the depths of downy white pillows that caressed the flush'd cheeks, the dusky eyes were closing in dreams — dreams of homages hallow'd by love — now of the glory that glows but in fame, —

Now to the bridal kneeling with Love at the flower-crown'd altar of Hymen to receive the benediction that blesses a life — or now an undemonstrative proud peeress she sees herself crown'd only with the laurels of an undying name.

. . . . . .

And yet the fair sleeper dreams on, drifting far out in the future unfolding its treasures in slumber: — but the fond heart in its throbbing knoweth not the destiny awaiting her —

Whether a bride to the bridal, happy to the last, or soul-crush'd should be, — or whether a sacrifice to Fame, though unwreath'd with its glory! — whether her soul

rare nectars might quaff it of joy, or bitterest draughts of aloes-and-myrrh ?

. . . . . .

The dawn of another glad day was cleft by the sunlight of morn, gilding the hill-tops as if the light of God's smile was upon them, and the subtle perfumes of the spring-time the sensitive spirit was swaying: —

And thrill'd with the flush of sweet Promise in the royalties richly unfolding, while the roseate glowing of hope's fairest and fondest unfalt'ring, Musa in her merriest mood, wrote to him, saying :—

. . . . . .

" . . . . . Your complimentary letter, starward-lifting, with its proud assurances of some unconscious Power which hath won your favor, has drifted to me like a fadeless leaflet of Daphne's deathless tree,

And shall be cherished pridefully the brightest *Kor-i-Noor* that gleams within my crown, — pridefully the queenliest coronal that fame may yet, or time, or treasure bring me !

Sweet as the crushing of cassia-buds was the approval it wafted, — like an imperial Martagon-lily with its stamens all steeped in ottar-immortal of praise !

So sweet, so rare is the impearling-of-praise that weighs a half-carat of truth ! — so priceless the pearls that Genius to Merit doth plight, (and rarely) in the false-hearted "Vanity Fair" of these days.

No man whose escutcheon is spotless, on whom Honor hath set her royal signet to show the World a man,—

(or is heir to the Crown Imperial which now begirts the brow of that *Ulemâ* whose life 's LUNARIA-wrought),—

Could feel even one impelling thought of that littleness of spirit which prompts one to deceive a stranger, or to offer tempting *morceaux* of flattery, where fruit rarely-ripen'd in the golden alchemy of Truth, was sought

By one who still has faith that Reality rich-centred, is waiting with reward, Somewhere! Nay! although an exquisitely sensitive heart Mimosa-fibred, whispers gently, "gardez! brave heart,"

I feel you do not bear me "water in one hand, and hostile fire in the other!" The learned barrister and distinguish'd *litterateur* to whom I now have the honor of writing, — (as a gift of Genius to Art,

And who bids a rare rival of my much revered RUSKIN, as a reviewer,) rises in his *critique* sublime above the mere panegyrist who stoops to kiss the sandals of petty Popularity!

The keen, trenchant, tender, glittering Barnave-spirit pervading his *reviews* of *others* — (which long ago I read) — bold "decisions" of he who now so bravely tenders me a helping-hand from far-off Pennsylvania's pale-hued hills and vales of lovely verity,

And plights his faith unto our semi-tropic passion-flower Southern hearts: — hath in it none of the old Roman antiquity that " . . . . conceals daggers in baskets of fruit in order to assassinate each other at their leisure."

I fancied I should rather like a sabre-stroke from that master-hand ; but the fairy-wand that falls so gently, so approvingly, so encouragingly upon me, I ween, is sweeter far, than the sev'ring flash of your jewell'd Excalibur, at measure!

For, — truth confessed of all, so sweet is pansy-hearted Praise — that, "as we kiss the child that does the task assigned it well," so seems your eulogy of FLORABELLS, unto a wistful heart —

Wistful and impassioned only for laurels that bear the divine impress, or peerless proof of soul that hath wrought with Schiller in . . . . "Das Ideal und das Leben!" . . . . and left its trace upon the statues that golden with the glow of Art!

No doubt you'll think me "muchly" flatter'd, Sir, for having drank the tempting chalice you held a-foam with the wine of gladness, the which hath left me in a sweet intoxication? But lo! —

Life hath so many Gethsemanes where we pray, "*O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me;*" . . . . so many Actiums to act! so many Rubicons to cross, so many Scyllas and Charybdis to dash the heart in pieces, while the distant beacons glow!

So many anguish'd hours wherein the brightest, holiest of life's loves flow out in soul-encrimson'd tears! And so few angels to uplift and strengthen, so few beautiful Redeemers

Of lost faiths, so few brave hands charity-bejewell'd and upward-bearing; or yet enci cling arms of safety that

swim us swiftly shoreward, — so few star-eyed Hopes that faithful lift us up when fainting 'neath our cross, and when Despair would slay life's sweetest Dreamers, —

That we are fain to take the friendly hand that grasps us, helpful, and points or leads the way to the Happy-Havens of Safety and Success! *Then*, here's a hand that holds no kalmia-sheaves of treachery, but wheatlets rich of truth,

And a passion-flower heart that cries across the Hellespont of Distance intervening, — "*Tiens ta foi!*" — ay, keep thy faith of friendship pure and sweet as the Arabian-jessamine-dreams that pulse their precious perfumes through the rosy morn of youth!

You so gallantly have shown the way by which I may paddle my little Shallop across the Water, that I scarce can find sufficient words to thank you. You wish me "*bon voyage!*" Suppose, with one fell stroke royal RUSKIN should slay me?

Taine tells us, that "*. . . . subtile and impassioned painters, ... wield their art with some grand motive; . . . .*" then one motive grand would be at last deservedly to wear the rubies Ruskin has to give; and to win anew, and worthily to wear the *blúme*-full *famèlet* with which so lately Thou hast crown'd me.

Under your benign patronage, thou Apollo-of-the-North, what may I not win? My future (literarily) opens on a rosy vista azure-arch'd and star-fring'd, while argent-lined are all the clouds that so suddenly have chang'd all *couleur de rose.*

Authorship, with its royalties and grand possibilities, has now a sweeter charm, as *ciel*-eyed carmine-finger'd Hope smilingly beckons me onward, to the gaol of reward yet the rarest, a-gleam with its radiant glows!

And with my ardent love of the æsthetic, the divine longing for the "utterly deepest bottom," that set its seal upon the imperial brow of a Göethe, shall strengthen me in my struggle "from possibility to reality!"

I have suffered much (Mimosa-souled, I could hope not to escape), but, surely, do "*we learn by what we suffer:*" and though ruggedly we climb the rough-hewn Real, still there's many a happy heart-throb thrill'd through life's Ideality.

You, having "thrown me down the gauntlet," as it were, rev'rently do I take it up, and not without much misgiving; your subject, LUNARIA, honor-emblem'd, is rather difficult of poetic-conception (how intricate the gold'n-mystic-meshes of *poesie* that crown it!)

Unless I make an epi-dramatic effort, requiring space and action, (you would have me *cut concise* and frame it in the "CONSTITUTION," or the prouder "TEMPLE BAR!"), and, then, the tragic muse, or *dramaturgie*, doth not, I think, possess me; so that e'en the great *Ulemâ* might proudly feel, of it?

. . . . . .

But with prayerful heart, and faith in art, I'll try; a very dear friend, a very learn'd and eminent physician; (whose honor to and heroic love of his country, the gold of Mammon could not buy, and whose impas-

sion'd Southern heart throbs its crimson spray against life's shores of Truth,

A fount unfailing of fidelity!) has given me some timely hints of that grand *Ulemâ*, which I'll weave with yours, and see what azalea-*Ideals* I can woo us from the "Mothers" (Göethe), to twine about the laurel-foliag'd facts that tell his honored *Reals* wedded unto Truth;

And if, after having wrought with faith, I find success, I will (with your permission?) send it forth for your perusal, abiding, then, your judgment; which, if your favor wins, may favoring breezes waft it o'er the sea,

Where, if won, the kiss of greeting of *those I covet there*, may Time, that thrills it quickly, white-sail'd and rosy-deck'd, wait those costly kisses swiftly back, with freight of praises proudly, — and an unclaim'd Kor-i-Noor to gem a crown for me?

. . . . . .

My "photo?" I fully appreciate the delicate compliment: I hold *yours*—the photo or *carte-de-visite*, you sent, as a royal gift: — but as for *mine* — "*voila une autre chose!*" I venture however, to send you a *boutonnière* of violets, a waft of Southern perfume,

Which you may find an agreeable substitution for the "photo" which you so gallantly besought. May the violets prattle tender thoughts of Southern friends, weave you sweetest dreamings of our sunny clime, and lisp that — "*I will think of it*," the while I dream of *Ulemâ* enwreath'd with fresh Lunaria-bloom!

I wish you — sincerely, *unprecedented* success with your matchless "NEW BOOK" — and that it may prove an exhaustless "Bonanza" of wealth to its grand, gifted author! May laurels alike those enwreathing the brow of the APOLLO BELVEDERE, blossom perennial 'round thy brow,

And all the fond hopes of ambition — in happy fulfilment, eager to answer your calling, rush to meet you — with honors replete you, and yield you the crowns of which my spirit is so wistfully waiting for now!

If, in enthusiasm, I have broken my box of precious ointment, anointing the head of a stranger too lavishly; remember that the sweetest spiceries sigh through sandal-wood dells, and are won of islets of bloom, zon'd by empurpled seas; —

That the star-enamor'd jasmine, and passionate Ihlang-Ihlangs all swing their vesper censers of sweetness through the South, where hearts throb warmest, souls are deepest, and hands with welcome whitest fill'd with gifts of tropic-hearted *Cereus*;

So, with sincere assurance ever, of my high appreciation of the kindly interest you manifest in me — a stranger — in the hopes and aspirations that, alluring, lead far on and up to Heights where Crowns are, (awaiting yet to throne or yet disdainfully refuse her),

And plighting tithes of all my treasure, and laureletts of all the crowns I win — (more befitting brows like thine), — I promise that no other praise shall woo me to forget thee, — as in my ardent *addio*, I have the honor, Sir, to be, gratefully — Mimosa - Musa."

OCTOBER:—

. . . . . , "O golden
October, with memories folden
As many as stars that are gleaming
Through night on your tenderest dreaming."

. . . . . .

O gorgeous, historic October of '80! no other October now past, or to come, can chronicle the glory
That worthily is wreathing thy brow — or Immortality shall tell of thy story!

. . . . . .

Shine out —and goldenly, gilding the hill-tops and bronzing the wolds with thy wonderful splendor, O Sun!
And open the wealth of thy treasures, O Autumn, in gorgeous Georgian glory, as to amber and crimson and gold thy robings of emerald turn!
Golden ye Cereals to harvesting! and ye tropical fruits all the rarest — ripen to richness thy clusters, all, crushing the best
In chalices of crystal, and bowls of ambrosia heaped for "ye gods" who are coming to the Feast!

Fill the goblet to o'erflowing, — and kill the "fatted calf," for our bonny Blue Brothers who hasten to greet us!
Send forth embassadors laden with gifts to their welcome as speed they fraternal to meet us:
And, rising to the height of thy honor, O Southland, *reveal them thy secret of sweetness*, while with hearts — as with hands

We welcome our Brothers — from pinnacled palace to ivy-thatched cot, to our fondest and fairest of lands!

ATLANTA! O beautiful, but erstwhile City besieged! draw up the portcullis! fling wide your welcome gates!
For the royal entry of the guests you have bidden, and for which your heartiest hospitality awaits!
No need we of sentry, rampart, or cannon, (save but to fire *salute* as the *militaire* pageant enters)
Or sentinel's haply by Peace and Good-Will on the towers, while the watchword is "*Welcome!*" to all our fair city en-centres!

As royal Pages of the People in favors of *red* — *white* — and *blue*, (that no other Peeress supplant her,) —
Her honors to do, stand in waiting, to usher her guests to the Throne-Room of Southland's Queen City, ATLANTA!

. . . . . .

Gorgeous in bunting — gay banner and flag, festooning the archways and floating the Nation's proud colors
From turret, and tower, pinnacle of palaces proud, or window of cottage (*all* eager to render their homage, or honors:)
A City of Colors! DECORATIONS as gay as if April had suddenly burst into bloom! —
And then as Night's curtains clos'd down gleam'd ILLUMINATION grand, in simultaneous flashing of Light from the Gloom!

A beautiful City is burning — like an opal in setting of gold! — burning with bonfires — flaming from candle to costly candelabra a-light'ning,
While thousands of hearts that beat happy and high, are gladden'd with the flushing of hopes that are bright'ning!

. . . . . .

"See! delighted and elated,
We ourselves have decorated,
With our golden crowns have crowned us,
With our spangled girdles bound us,
Chains and jewels hung around us!"

. . . . . .

The Feast is not lordly enough? True, we have no costly Cleopatra-pearls to disolve in the wine, — nor dainty Delmonico-dishes to serve
With *fricasee'd* French viands, and crowns of *Charlotte-Russe* on salvers of gold richly — and royal as we know they deserve: —
But the "*Barbecue*" is brown — crisp are the pastries with *constance*, — and the bread is white with the *faith of fraternity!*
And the pure Thea-Nectar and Mocha we brew is *fragrant with the friendship* we plight to Eternity! —

And the wine is *ensanguined of brotherly love* as it beads the *rare chalice* — "REUNION!" —
And it sparkles with infinite bliss as it *crimsons the patriot's communion.*

Better by far are *these off'rings*, than *pistachio souffles*,
champagne frappá, and creams *a la Vienna*
At the board of Formality only, where the *heart* is an
alien there, and thrills with no love yet diviner!

The wine of this re-union vintage, is rarer than prince-
liest persicot with poison
Pour'd in by the traitorous hand that plights you love's
faith, while you drain the deep draught of his trea-
son!
More delicious its draughts than all the Rhine Wines
that in the old cellars of Centuries golden, —
For 'tis mellow'd to the boundless bouquet of Brotherly
Love and its sanctified memories olden:

The *one* a rich claret turn'd crimson with sin, subtle, —
intoxicates the brain —
The *other*, *diviner*, is sealing the soul with a kiss that
thrills you no subsequent pain.

. . . . . .

Ah! Not in the royal *salôns* that gleam with the gold,
and the gas, and the glory of Earth's Kings,
Was the *Feast of Fraternity* spread — nor yet in
the lordliest halls of fair Southland! but with that
"eternal fitness of things,"
(More befitting such Sovereigns! more honor'd of
Heroes!) —'twas 'neath the white sweep of hospitable
tent,
(Superb in simplicity, and wealthy of welcome as those
where princeliest Patriarchs spent their pure lives of
content.)

Fairly out from the deep throbbing heart of the City's
wild rush and constant commotion, —
Uplifted on the everlasting hills of their God, with the
smile of His approval upon them, they plighted de-
votion!
On the slope of Historic Hills, hallowed by the Blood
of the Brave, *dear alike* to the Blue and the Grey,
Where lately in fierce combat they had bloodily battled
'till the waning of day.

Upon the very brow of the bulwarks that had measured
their brave battle-lines,
Beneath the very skies over-arching, and the sighing
Æolian harps of the pines,
Where many a brave brother had died defending the
Cause his devotion approv'd,
Where daisies of April so starrily sentinel'd the *first*
graves of those heroes they honor'd and lov'd;

They stood with clasp'd hands, and the olive-branch of
peace, and tearfully plighted allegiance ever,
In sweetest betrothal that sealeth the soul of Brothers
and Union forever!
Upon the green sward of fair Southland, with the sun
agleam through the day's gold'n bars,
Or the balmiest of Autumnal nights, lit by the incom-
parable candelabra of stars, —

Far above the modes of political "plotting," bounded
by no bargaining for "ballot," circumscrib'd neither
by chicanery or conceit,

And thrill'd by no traitorous intent, but soul-full of sympathy, and tenderest touches of truth hallow'd by memories sweet,
Forgetting all blighting or bitterness, pain or yet pride, *forgiving* defeat, or despair,
They buried the Sectional Hatchet, crowning the cenotaph with "*Peace*," sacred as the incense of pray'r;
And then in the Wine of the Feast quaff'd they the eucharist of Love that hallows the Tried and the True,
And no Evil uprising shall divorce them — the Hearts that were wedded at this wonderful bridal of the Grey and the Blue!

. . . . . .

Then — back to the Halls of the Highest, and Haunts of the Honor'd — to *Salôns* of Splendor, and Boudoirs of Beauty,
To stately reception, or revel after feast — to social saluting, or the mazes of dance, — ere back to the routine of duty!

. . . . . .

Hark! what clarion note is borne upon the Autumn breeze? and the marshalling roll of drum?
See! the thousand banner'd ranks! with glitt'ring spear and gun — lo! they come — they come.
What? That field sown thick with an army's tents, white as the vales with April daisies!
See — the silent step and quick, as if in line-of-battle forming? the Stars-and-Stripes run up — an Eagle's crest it raises.

"A-lac-a-day! what army have we there, that rush to battle-fray?" cries one with voice a-thrill with tears.
Nay — in this we have no fare-wells that wring the heart in twain — rend not thy soul with fears!
Behold there glooms no sable flag! nor captive sentinel'd: 'Tis — ah, 'tis the War of Wonders!
See! — the colors uniform'd — all vary, — birds of tropic plumage! there the red artillery — how the cannon thunders!

Ye shades of Stonewall and McPherson! how the bayonets are brightly gleaming,
While they "forward!" — "march!" — to the merry martial music, and banners gaily streaming!
No Blue and Grey *contending*, but all the color-chord of prism'ic hues enray them, — *white plumes!* Oh, happy "*Peace!*"
Across calm summer-seas, in gold'n swan-prow'd galleys, now set we sail for isles of bliss, gay as the "Golden Fleece."

For at last our Requier's . . . . "*sceptred barges that bridally toss*" . . . . swiftly are sailing for the nuptials of the True,
From betrothal to bridal, from ring to the altar, kneeling for the benediction there, that blesseth the Grey and the Blue.

. . . . . .

O golden October 19th! O gorgeous of Georgian Glory!
Softest and sweetest of skies!

Smoothest and greenest of swards! (no cloudlet thy splendor retards!) O fairest of women! and bravest of men! how the *hearts* quiver at glancing of *eyes!*
No kill'd — nor yet wounded in this Battle without Blood, — save, *it may be*, by Cupid the Slayer!
And no spies are detected in crossing the "lines" — all know the countersign, — and no ransom is paid yet for Kiss the Betrayer!

Lo! that triumphal march through the streets! as from pavement to balcony a myriad fair faces are greeting;
Ah! with what graceful precision they step — gaily advancing, on Oglethorpe Park, — awhile from the hum of the city retreating.
Hark! O that matchlessly marvellous music! Lo! they come, keeping time to the cymbal of smiles, and *bewillcommnen* they come;
With flashing of sword, glitt'ring of gun, streaming of banner and sash, nodding of plumes, and the rolling of drum!

Ho! the quaint beauty of that prideful and venerable . . . . . "PHALANX" — the "PUTNAM!" royal in the old-fashion'd glory of our first Revolution!
But see — ah! superb! those moderns so graceful of movement — that ready *Greek cross* — the *diamond, triangles and stars*, — O JANESVILLE, lovely of evolution!

. . . . . .

See the "OLD GUARD" — a splendid "detachment," representing New York, with our "GATE CITY GUARD'" pride of Atlanta, close-stepping, and grand,
And the "RICHLAND VOLUNTEERS" — so handsomely styled, — with the steady magnificent "RIFLES" of "ROCHFORD" pridefully christen'd *Le Grand!*
So martially marching the "GOVERNOR'S GUARDS" of soldierly bearing and brave; and the "WASHINGTON LIGHT IMFANTRY" imperial and showy —
Impressively moving, and peerless, uniquely arrayed in their grenadier beavers, blue-trousers, and vesture so snowy!

See those splendid "SOUTHERN RIFLES," so gracefully determin'd! while the "EUFAULA LIGHT INFANTRY" are pressing them close with en-fascinating power, —
Just in advance of "DETROIT LIGHT INFANTRY" — *L'etoile du Nord* — imperial in their princely white *csákós,* and lacings of gold in rich dower!
There! — come the "JANESVILLE GUARDS" — (*we repeat them*) so pleasing, and perfect, and princely! with the "MOBILE RIFLES" majestic and matchless as their City by the sea!
Nearer — and nearer the "NASHVILLE RIFLES" manœuver, — the soul of all soldierly bearing, rife in their richness of royalty! While superbly the "SHERMAN CADETS" — delightful to see —

Their precision so perfect, and massive their front, so attractive withal — (sweet singing" quartettes," gallant-soul'd and much-sought!)

Preceding those grand "MONTGOMERY GREYS," splendidly-skill'd, and heroically-will'd, — (sacred with the mem'ries sweet of my own old *War-home*, where for the Grey my tender girl-fingers have wrought.)

Incomparable "COMPANY B.," (Second Chicago) so splendidly train'd some thought them old regal West-Pointers whom valor had crown'd with many a laurel;

And then we acknowledge our charming companions "COMPANIES A. AND B.," (of attractive Atlantean Greys) — of course we *declare them imperial!*

Surprisingly superb come the "SEDGWICK GUARDS" — lovely, and unwavering of step (as devotion,) and patriotly we plight them our troth-plight; —

While — lo! closing the pageant varied so richly — so gorgeous and grand, follows that favorite, the "FIFTH ARTILLERY" (U. S. A.) — unique — and Atlanta's delight!

And somewhere in the throng marshal'd are the royal "RICHLAND LIGHT DRAGOONS,"—the "FLOYD RIFLES" knightly, and bonnie and brave! —

And the "NASHVILLE DRAGOONS" dignified and true, with "HOWELL'S ARTILLERY" — honor'd,— and ALL who came and right welcome, to the Feast that Fraternity gave!

"Bold is the venture,
Splendid the pay!
And the soldiers go marching,
Marching away!"

. . . . .

As proudly they pass in most splendid "review" before our most honored Executive of State, —

And the hallowèd hills echo the strains of all "Hail to the Chief," as ever in constance, we kiss our fair hand to that grandest of peageants so honor'd of late!

. . . . . .

(Lo! our DUSKY-BROW'D BROTHERS! crowned with the "thousand-blossom'd wreath of Freedom," who deep in the dear Long Ago, with faithful devotion serv'd us true and long,

Now Sovereign, side by Sovereign, richly panoplied, marching so buoyant and gay, in regal review, with all that bannered and uniform'd throng!

Thank God, that at last! they *do wear* that laureate "Wreath of Freedom!" their children, bound with no bonds, go forth to the favors of the Free!

And may with prideful perseverence, with earnest, true endeavor rise to the height of a Nation, a structure built for the World to see!)

. . . . . .

And if any *chivalric company*, or *dignified detachment* have unwittingly been left from the call of this *roster* imperfect,

With *additional laurels* fresh from my Chaplets of Mars do I crown them, bloomful, immortal and perfect!

For . . . . "Clemency belongs to the brave" . . . . . and bravely from the radiant East, to the roseate West, from GOTHAM to the GULF of our grandest of lands,

They have gathered their magnificient military might, — manly, noble, and heroic, — to the feast of their patriot love, hallow'd by holiest grasping of hands!

Ah! *Le tout ensemble,* — preëminently are they the flower, a multiple Victoria-regia, of rare American Militaire!

And, long as a soul of them throbs with the quick'ning joy of life, no changes shall woo them forgetful of the greetings that greeted, or friendships that fondly enfolded them there!

There, on that *tented* fair field, in its wild and picturesque glory — and proud pathetic story — that sacred white convas'd-encampment of Reunion Knighthood,

That *doubly consecrated ground, first* sanctified by *patriot blood* and *lastly* by devotion of *brothers reconciled,* in the balm of that sweet Southern wood.

"*Let brotherly love continue,*" . . . . "For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that *we love one another.*" Love pure and undefiled, *first unto God,*

And *then to thy neighbor as thyself;* "And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away," and, *so,* safely "pass under the rod."

. . . . . .

O, golden October!!! with thy loves and thy glories immortal! as long as one stone of MEMORIAL HALL remains standing, or the soul of a GATE CITY GUARD with a patriot's love shall infinitely glow,

The memories so sacredly sweet that cluster perpetually round thee, shall thrill to the tenderest touches of a love that is measured by the *Infinito!*

. . . . . .

Ay! Sculptur'd with the glory this "*Reunion*" hath wrought, — "*In perpetuam rei memoriam*" — MEMORIAL HALL ever shall lift her proud height!

While may the Chaplets I've woven for thee, immortal heroes! crown'd "CITIZEN SOLDIERY!" blossom *memoria in æterna*, with fragrance so fadeless no changes can blight!

. . . . . .

(O! ye Patriots and Brothers who consecrated the laying of that memorable *stone! remember* 'tis sacredly written, beloved, ... "Behold, I lay in Sion a chief *corner-stone*,

Elect, precious: and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded," and he that believeth and doeth, yet meekly, he it is also that "overcometh," and shall be Crown'd in the marvellous Light of the Throne!

. . . . . .

With the pride and devotion of a patriot pure, wind the enjewell'd chains of your patriot love close and unyielding round the anchor securing our Union — an inheritance of infinite value; —

And like your first zealous ancestors, defending its sacred and intrinsic rights *to the life!* be thou ever awake to the drum-call of Honor's *reveille!*

Aye, as BENJAMIN wears the rare *Mural-Crown* of Judiciary Glory enwreath'd with laurels of Honor, likewise, brave brothers *Militaire* (that tyrants may flee!)

Be thou the first to mount the high wall of JUSTICE besieged, and there lodge your imperial standard for the World and its cycling Ages to see.

Let nothing deter you in the lily-fring'd path of your duty, no bribe so glitt'ring that its flashing may tempt to dishonor, — no crime may encrimson with guilt!

Nor treachery tarnish thy escutcheon now spotless! but thy record be wrought a pure sculpture, immaculate and white, Christly and pure, for Eternity built!

. . . . . .

A year had drifted by, and yet no line had through the silence swept, nor echo thrill'd the space to tell her violets' fate,

And Musa wed to Art and Ideals, at first expectant waited, now hopeful, now despairful; then embalm'd her brok'n hopes and thought no more, till late,

Of that "Apollo" to whom she sent the florets on their fragrant, mystic mission, or the dreams their sweetness might evoke: —

But when her City's golden Gates swung wide to welcome guests that sped from out the Northland, her buried dreams awoke, —

And, as woman's willful heart will do, she queried softly, sweetly, "Mother, I wonder if that "WILLIS" —

patron proud of *poesy*, and patriot too, comes South with all that banner'd throng?"
And wondering still she fondly found her weaving fresh rich gossamers and cloth-of-gold arraying royally the mute but lovely Ideals that long had lived within her song.

. . . . . .

And, true to her faiths and their sanctified vows, Musa kept her troth-plight to Art, and wistful hath wrought long, winning her work to completion,—
Her — "*Ulemâ*" *Lunaria-crown'd*, — hath like a Minerva born of her brain, leapt to existence elated, and seal'd with *faith's* kisses, and *hope's* near fruition,
Goes forth to the World, its Waiters and Watchers, and "Willis," whom its marvellous truth may woo to do homage with Praise's caresses,
And alike the fair Sheba en-laden with spiceries rarest, and burden of kingliest treasures to give, be wending their way to DAISYWILD cottage to adore with the presents that Fame's Epiphany blesses.

(If one, en-sympathy with the Art enwreathed with Romance here, is wistful of the future being of Musa's loves, and faiths,
Then wait: *reveal'd* they may be read in *sequel* sweet: *unveil'd*, they may be seen yet, a statue white Pygmalion-kist to life — and flush'd with soulful sprays of love's rosy wraiths.)

. . . . . .

And as we hang our sweet memorial-garlands upon the hero-headstones, and wind them lovingly around the monumental-granite that rears a glory-gilded Cenotaph,
In the "Holywoods" and "Oaklands" of Southland, or the "Arlingtons" and "Marietta's" that mutely urn the Northland's dead, embalm'd in mem'ries sweet as dreams, that thrill the soul of some rosy-wing'd seraph,
So would I weave my Chaplets, Mars-becrimson'd and tied with Fancy's fillets, about the flow'rs of Poesie, and work their Persian patterns into the soft *Grey* tapestries
That hang in DIXIE'S halls; or from a Titian palette of colors true and tender, dash all the *Blue* backgrounds (like Leonardo da Vinci's) with the mountain grandeur that rises Northward, and (while others sing of love's infinite myst'ries),

Leave my bit of landscape with all its little coves and inlets that dimple sapphire-Blue, all lily-fring'd and flank'd, to hang in some poetic nook along the halls historic, (may-be)
Of some far, serene Centennial, when all our hopes are Heaven-fulfil'd, and all my Heroes here are Crowned to Life-Unfading in that ineffable Eternity!

. . . . . .

Thus, by all that's beautiful in woman's faith! by all that's patriotic truth! all that's first in love, first in

faith, brave in all life's battles, true of test; and oh! *by all that's sacred to our Union!* I plight thee now, My Brothers, BLUE or GREY, from the villa-broider'd Hudson, to the orange-girdled Gulf, the while I weave my *flora-mour* 'mong the glory-budding laurels that begirt each soldier-brow.

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